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THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

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CHAPTER VI.

INTO THE WILDERNESS.

"Oh, my God! my God!" cried Isaline, clasping her hands and almost sinking into the arms of her faithful Rhoda; "this is my doing—mine—and I shall never forgive myself for my folly!"

"Dar, Miss Isa, chile—dar—you didn't do nuffin—I's declar' to goodness you didn't!" exclaimed the frightened mulatto, throwing her arms around her mistress as if she would shield her from harm.

"Neber said a ting in de hull course of your long life, Miss Isa, dat any gemmen 'ud keer tree straws about!" cried Priscilla, rolling her eyes and waddling up to her mistress, and doubtless thinking she was uttering some very consoling words.

"I knowed it!" cried Rough Tom, with a dozen oaths, as he danced around like one insane; "I knowed it 'ud come to this yere, or so'thing else, when that Thing yelled in the forest! Poor Harry! God bless him! The infarnal, finiky fool, to go arter I told him better! Whar's the use? Woofh! Git out of my way! I'm gitting danngerous! Fotch my rifle, somebody! I'll run the boat ashore, and blow their cussed heads off! I'll eat 'em! I'll swaller 'em whole, like snakes does tadpoles! Wagh! wagh!"

"Look! they're not dead yit!" shouted one of the men. "See! they've got the boat out from the shore, whar the red-niggers can't reach it without jumping into the water. Whoop! hurrah! thar they go—both rifles together—and down comes two painted devils, screeching like hounds!"

In fact it did appear, on second view, that matters were not so bad with our friends as had been supposed. If wounded, they certainly were not killed, were still at liberty, and had been able to use their own rifles with such effect as to place at least two of their enemies *hors de combat*. A loud, wild cheer was given them from the larger boats, and they were now seen putting off on their return, with quick and vigorous strokes of their oars. Several shots were still fired at them from the thicket; but they seemed to possess charmed lives, and in a few minutes were back among their friends, who received them with the wildest demonstrations of joy.

"How d'ye do it?" cried Tom, throwing his arms around Henry and giving him a hug that would have done justice to a respectable bear. "Lord love ye, Harry, I seed 'em fire, and seed you drap, and arter that I wouldn't a gin the wink of a blind nigger for your chance of gitting off alive! and yit I don't see as you've got ary scratch!"

"Heaven has been kind to me beyond my deserts," replied Henry, "in delivering me unharmed from such perils; but my brave comrade here did not meet with the same good fortune, for he has been struck twice."

"Just mere scratches!" replied Davis, as he attempted to spring up from the smaller boat into the larger one.

But though his words were lightly and cheerily spoken, his face was very pale, and a minute after he fell swooning into the arms of one of his comrades. His wounds, though serious, were not necessarily mortal; but he had lost much blood, and a deathly faintness followed close on his delivery.

"Oh, I am so thankful to God that you have returned to us alive!" cried Isaline, as she hurriedly advanced to Henry and grasped both his hands with hers. "If you had fallen into the hands of the savages, either living or dead, I should never have forgiven myself for the words which excited you to so rash an undertaking!"

"You were not to blame, Miss Isaline, in the least!" answered Henry, with a flush of pride and satisfaction. "I went because I felt it was my duty to attempt the rescue of a fellow being whose tale of suffering appeared to be true; and even now I have only to regret the misfortune which befell my brave companion."

"It was a noble deed, and Heaven will bless you for it!"

"It has already, Miss Isaline!" rejoined Henry, in a low, earnest tone, gazing fondly into her lovely face and sympathizing eyes; "Heaven has already blessed me, in preserving my life and giving me the kind approval of those I so highly esteem."

Isaline did not reply to this, but her color deepened and her eyes sought the ground. A brief silence followed; and then she anxiously inquired if there was not danger still from the Indians that had so villainously unmasked themselves.

"I think not," answered Henry, reflectively. "Unless in a very large body and by surprise, they would hardly venture to attack so many deadly rifles as they must suppose us to possess; and now that they know us to be on our guard, it is not likely they will continue down the river, even in the hope of a future opportunity. No, Miss Isaline, I think this sudden exposure, with its consequences, is the best thing for us that could have happened. I am glad that your words prompted me to go to the rescue of that pleading wretch, for by so doing I have made my conscience easy, and it may be an overruling Providence has used the act for the salvation of us all."

"Oh, what black-hearted wickedness there is in the world!" said Isaline, thoughtfully. "It is bad enough for savages, trained to blood and war from infancy, to do the cruel deeds of the wilderness; but what shall be said of the white villains who consort with them and excite the holiest emotions of the human heart merely to bring destruction upon fellow beings of their own country and race? I had heard of such things, it is true; but until I witnessed such an act of fiendishness, I could not bring my mind to realize it."

"There is an old axiom which says, 'The brighter the angel when he falls, the blacker the demon he becomes!'" returned Henry; "and I know for a truth there are white men among the Indians who are even more cruel and blood-thirsty than the natives of the forest! God keep us from falling into such hands!"

Isaline shuddered at the thought.

"And yet," she said, "we have a long stretch of almost unsettled wilderness to pass through to reach our destination."

"But there will be many strong arms and vigilant eyes to guard you from harm," replied Henry.

"I know I shall be surrounded by brave hearts," said Isaline; "but for all that, after what I have just seen, I confess I am becoming timid. Before I set out, the journey presented to my careless mind its bright romance and indistinct perils—but now it oppresses me with a painful dread. Would to Heaven it were over and I were safe in the arms of my father!"

"Do not be troubled, Miss Isaline! the danger I think is nearly past!" returned Henry. "We shall soon reach Limestone now, and from there the inland journey is little to be feared. Remember the Ohio will roll between us and the homes of our savage foes; and of late they seldom venture to cross into Kentucky, where they have from time to time met with so many serious reverses and sore defeats."

"Well, I will hope for the best!" sighed Isaline; "but you must promise me that Henry Colburn will do no more rash deeds!"

"Your lightest wish shall be my law!" was the gallant response of the young artist.

Meantime the three large boats, in close company, were dropping steadily down with the current; and though both shores were sharply and eagerly scanned by the anxious voyagers, nothing more was discovered of a threatening nature. So far as could be seen, the Indians who had assailed our hero were not disposed to come any nearer to the descending boats; and it was generally believed they would return to their villages, or wait where they were in the hope of being more successful with the next party of adventurers. Still there was nothing certain, and the timid became more troubled and fearful, and the bravest were disposed to be unusually vigilant and cautious.

When the boats laid up that night, they anchored well out in the stream, a double guard was set, the skiffs were hauled aboard, and no one was allowed to visit the shore. Nothing, however, occurred to cause any disturbance, except that once, toward morning, one or two of the scouts fancied they heard a wild, distant shriek in the forest, similar to that we have more than once described, the effect of which was to unnerve them and depress their spirits far more than the yells of a hundred savages would have done.

In the afternoon of the following day the boats reached Limestone, where passengers, goods and horses were all disembarked, and preparations made for the inland journey through a long stretch of dangerous wilderness. They did not set out, though, till the third morning after their arrival, and the nights were passed within the strong walls of a border block-house or fort.

It was not the first time in her life that Isaline had been so lodged. She had already become used to rough scenes with rough companions, and so that she could experience a feeling of security, she was disposed to accept the rest with that philosophy which always seeks to find pleasure instead of annoyance. She was one of those happy natures who prefer the bright to the dark side of the picture—and generally have it—for in truth more shadows cover the realm of fancy than of reality. Her spirits, so lately depressed, now rose to the height of merriment, so that many were surprised at the marked change that had so suddenly taken place. She laughed at those who seemed vexed, and rallied those who appeared gloomy, and did everything that lay in her power to lighten the tedium of the heavy hours. Some blamed and many praised her, and Henry thought he never saw her appear more lovely and interesting.

The third morning after the arrival of the voyagers, the train started for the interior, the women and children all being mounted, and the rest of the horses being loaded with goods, tents, clothing, cooking utensils, provisions and other portable things.

Of the whole number who had come down the Ohio, Davis was the only one left behind at the fort. His wounds were doing well, and promised speedy recovery; but he was not in a condition to pursue the tedious journey through the wilderness, and so was put under charge of the medical man of the post.

The scouts acted in their regular capacity—all of them by turns pushing on in advance, scouring the country round about, hunting for Indian sign, and killing such game as fortune threw in their way. At night they joined the train, and, assisted by some of the others, kept guard over the camp.

The weather, which had promised a cool rain, was now again clear and warm, and as yet not a single frost had begun to change the bright green of the forest to the variegated hues which render it so attractive to the lovers of the picturesque and beautiful.

Only some six or eight miles were made the first day, and, with the sun still above the horizon, the camping-ground was selected at a pleasant spot near a running stream. Here the horses were unloaded and turned out to graze, the tents pitched, and the suppers of the different messes cooked and eaten before the advancing night had fairly closed around the scene. All so far was well; and though there was many a palpitating heart among the number that soon after laid down to repose, all continued well till morning again showed them a day so lovely as to make their souls swell with prayers of thanksgiving.

The second day and night, like the first, passed off without anything to excite alarm; and as the journey thus far had proved less gloomy and disagreeable than had been anticipated, the spirits of the most timid began to grow buoyant. A few days more of continued prosperity would see them safely among their friends, where they fancied there would be little to fear from the hostile tribes of the north.

Though Henry had joined the scouts and acted with them in perfect harmony, he had never at any time considered himself bound to continue in their company, or in the capacity assumed, one moment longer than might suit his inclination; his birth and education had placed him in the social scale far above them, and he knew he could take another position whenever he should choose; but while he was with them, he felt it to be his duty to perform his part with the rest; and therefore, on the present journey, though it would have given him more pleasure to have remained by the side of Isaline, as a friend and fellow traveller, he neglected no task that the others performed, and was sometimes in the advance and sometimes in the rear, sometimes hunting and sometimes standing guard. A horse was at his disposal whenever he wished to ride; but thus far he had only mounted him once, and then only for a few minutes, and his whole conversation with Isaline had amounted only to general salutations and passing civilities.

In the afternoon of the third day, however, finding that everything was going well, and that a few hours leisure for himself would impose no extra labor upon any of the rest, Henry mounted his horse, resolved upon having some pleasant recreation. Riding up to the side of the fair maiden, who had of late occupied so much of his thoughts, he said, in a light, gay tone:

"There, Miss Isaline, congratulate me that at last I am blessed with time enough to draw a long breath and inquire after the health and comfort of the lady it is both my duty and pleasure to serve."

"Is it possible," cried Isaline, in well-affected surprise, "that you really have time to *ask* the question and *wait* for an answer?"

"In truth I believe it is even so," laughed Henry.

"And are you not afraid your master will discharge you for some neglect of duty?" pursued the other, with a serio-comic air. "Really, it appears to me that for a young man of your bringing up you are taking unheard-of liberties, and it would pain me very much to see you sent back in disgrace!"

"It certainly is a pleasure to me to know you take such a deep interest in my welfare!" laughed the young artist. "But jesting aside—how are you pleased with your journey thus far, Miss Isaline?"

"Oh, delighted, of course, that I am not talked to death, can get my breath in spite of the heat, and still have my head on my own shoulders!"

"And the last is always something to be thankful for in the wilderness," returned Henry. "So far everything has gone well, thank God!" he seriously added; "and once on the other side of the Licking, which we are now approaching, I shall feel we are beginning to be pretty safe. Yonder line of hills, which you can now and then catch a glimpse of through the trees, marks the course of one of the most romantic streams of this romantic region—a stream that flows in deep, dark solitude, beneath green and flowery bowers that nature has well fitted for the sylvan retreats of the Indians' Paradise. I once spent a week in roaming up and down its delightful banks, and now and then sketching a scene of quiet beauty or rugged grandeur; and though no mortal was with me, I never felt less alone, for I fancied that legions of spirits of Indian maids and lovers were hovering around the enchanting place!"

"Did you fancy them armed with tomahawks and scalping knives?" laughed Isaline. "But pardon me! I am wrong to jest on so *grave* a subject!" she soberly added, with a mischievous look. "Unquestionably you had a very delightful time; and I shall only be too happy to learn you escaped as sound in heart as body, and that the love-shafts of the spirit Indian maids passed as clear of their mark as the more tangible bullets of their mortal brothers!"

"I believe I left the romantic region entirely heart-whole," rejoined Henry, looking straight into the bright, merry eyes of his fair companion; "but whether or no I shall return to it in the same condition, remains to be seen."

A very slight flush suddenly tinged the cheek of the young lady, and she instantly became deeply interested in looking at something on the other side of her horse.

"By-the-by," she said, "I dreampt of Hampton last night."

It was Henry's turn to color now; but he rejoined, in a light, easy tone, though it possibly cost him an effort:

"Nothing seems more natural, Miss Holcombe, than that we should dream of those who are deep in our regard."

"True!" returned Isaline, thoughtfully, as if the idea his words conveyed was in her case an accepted fact. "I wonder what can have become of him?"

"Perhaps he is somewhere in the forest practising with the rifle!" answered Henry, with a slight curl of the lip and sharp compression of the teeth. "If he had been a little better marksman, he might have been here now instead of me!"

"And that Creature that followed him," said Isaline, as if pursuing her first train of thought, "what could it have been?"

Henry looked at her, but did not reply to the question.

"Was your dream a pleasant one?" he asked.

"More ridiculous and horrible than pleasant," she answered. "I thought we were all flying through the air together—the Phantom, with face and body like a woman, and wings like a bat, spiriting us away to some dark, unknown region, which at last we reached, and where the only sounds were groans, shrieks and hideous laughter!"

"Whom do you mean by *we?*" inquired Henry.

"Why, you and I, Hampton, my old black nurse, and the Witch Phantom!"

"A select company!" laughed Henry.

"So I thought!" returned Isaline, with an arch smile; "but what is more natural than that we should dream of those who are deep in our regard!"

"Go on with the dream!" said Henry, with a slight flush.

"That was all. I woke up, with old Priscilla shaking me for breakfast, and heard some of the men laughing, and others shouting and swearing at the horses. But what is that yonder?" queried Isaline, pointing to a large, green mound, that could be seen through the trees a short distance away to the right.

"The sepulchre of some portion of a race that has gone from this world forever!" replied Henry. "In this broad region, called the Great West, there are numbers of these landmarks of a people of which none now living have any record. They came and they passed away; and these mounds of earth, filled with human bones and a few rude implements of stone and clay, are all that is left to tell that they once lived, moved, thought, reasoned, felt, suffered and died!"

"And has the present race of Indians no knowledge of them? no traditions concerning them?" inquired Isaline, with awakened curiosity.

"None, I believe—at least so I have understood."

"I should like to visit this mound."

"Nothing is easier. You have only to ride down through the open wood here, and I shall be happy to accompany you."

Turning to her servants, who were only a few paces behind, Isaline bade them keep along with the train; and merely adding that she would rejoin them shortly, she gave her high-spirited palfrey a light touch with her riding whip, and set off at a brisk canter through the wood—Henry instantly following and speedily overtaking her.

"Whar's she agwine to?" asked old Priscilla, who was mounted behind her companion Rhoda, on a strong, good-natured, sluggish horse, that could scarcely be whipped out of a walk.

"How d'ye spect I knows?" answered Rhoda, with the petulance of a spoiled child. "Ise doesn't know ebery ting about missuses doings!"

"Dat dar's ol'ar enough—Ise knows you doesn't—but you allers talk as ef you did!" grumbled the old nurse. "Ise does wonder whar she's agwine! Ise hopes dat young buck won't run off wid her; but she leans up to him purty sharp, I reckons. Dar was one time Ise thunk Marse Hampton had 'em all fixed; but sence he's done gone to de Debil of de Forest, Marse Colbrum 'peare to hev it all ol'ar wedder. A-a-ah!

And shrieks, and ...

The wide-mouthed guns would roar, and hissing shells
Would pierce the shuddering sky with fiery thrills,
The battle rage and roll in thunderous swells,
And war's fierce anguish shake the solid hills.

But now, how tranquilly the golden gloom
Creeps up the gorgeous forest-slopes, and flows
Down valleys blue with fringy aster bloom—
An atmosphere of safety and repose.

Against the sunset lie the darkening hills
Mushroomed with tents, the sudden growth of war;
The frosty autumn air that blights and chills,
Yet brings its own full recompense therefor;—

Rich colors light the leafy solitudes,
And far and near the gazer's eyes behold
The oak's deep scarlet warming all the woods,
And spendthrift maples scattering their gold.

The pale beech shivers with prophetic woe—
The towering chestnut ranks stand blanched and thinned,
Yet still the fearless sumac dares the foe,
And waves its bloody guidons in the wind.

Where mellow haze the hill's sharp outline dims,
Bare elms, like sentinels, watch silently,
The delicate tracery of their slender limbs
Pencilled in purple on the saffron sky.

Content and quietude and plenty seem
Blessing the place, and sanctifying all—
And hark! how pleasantly a hidden stream
Sweetens the silence with its silver fall!

The failing grasshopper chirps faint and shrill—
The cricket calls, in mossy covert hid,
Cheery and loud, as stoutly answering still
The soft persistence of the katydid.

With dead moths tangled in its blighted bloom,
The golden-rod swings lonesome on its throne,
Forgot of bees;—and in the thicket's gloom
The last belated pee-wee cries alone.

The hum of voices, and the careless laugh
Of cheerful talkers fall upon the ear;
The flag flaps listlessly adown its staff,
And still the katydid pipes loud and near.

And now, from far, the bugle's mellow throat
Pours out in rippling flow its silver tide,
And up the listening hills the echoes float
Faint and more faint and sweetly multiplied.

Peace reigns; not now a soft-eyed nymph that sleeps
Unvexed by dreams of strife or conqueror—
But Power, that open-eyed and watchful keeps
Unwearied vigil on the brink of war.

Night falls;—in silence sleep the patriot bands;
The tireless cricket yet repeats his tune;
And the still figure of the sentry stands
In black relief against the low full-moon.

☞ The hypocrite in religion kneels, like the first rank in a regiment, only that he may take better aim at some one who stands opposed to him.

Ise hopes de Forest Debil won't git 'em bof h! but Ise got out my skeers on't, I has!"

"You has your skeers out on ebery ting!" pouted Rhoda, with a fierce jerk of the bridle rein.

"And doesn't 'em come true, chile?" exclaimed Priscilla, rolling her eyes with an air of triumph; "answer me dat, chile! Didn't Ise hev out my skeers on Marse Reginald? and didn't him git done gone shot in de battle of Branderwine? And didn't Ise hev out my skeers on Miss Libasbeth? and didn't shes go dead in no time? Go 'way, chile! you's young and simple and doesn't know no'ting!"

"Well," returned Rhoda, angrily, "Ise says dis much—dat ef you gits out your skeers on Miss Isa, and she goes dead, or any of dem tings, I'll wrung your neck like you does chickens!"

"Ise doesn't keer for dat!" persisted the old nurse, with a solemn shake of her head. "Ise got out my skeers on dem two young peoples, and you'll see someting orful—dar now!"

CHAPTER VII.

TURNING ASIDE.

At the moment when Henry and Isaline turned aside to visit the Indian mound, the train, of which they formed a part, was slowly, carelessly, and irregularly pursuing its way over the then beaten route between Limestone and Lexington. It was passing through an open, nearly level wood, within sight of the romantic hills of the Licking, and was stretched out, in a straggling manner from front to rear, to a length of nearly half a mile. Though in the latter part of the month of September, the day was extremely warm and sultry, and every one, beast as well as rider, seemed disposed to take matters as easy as possible. The horses which carried burdens moved slowly, with heads down, whisking their tails, and occasionally stopping and turning to snap at flies; their drivers sauntered along in a lazy, indifferent manner, now and then with a chirrup, an oath, or a crack of the whip, seemingly more from habit and to keep awake than for any other reason; the scouts plodded forward, with their rifles swung over their shoulders and their eyes on the ground, evidently thinking of anything rather than wild game or savage foes; and the mounted females and children jogged on, singly or in pairs, each looking heated and wearied, and as if it would be too great a task to hold a conversation with anybody. When our young lady and gentleman so suddenly turned aside and dashed away in company, it did excite some little surprise in those nearest to them, and some two or three of the more energetic ventured to ask what it meant; but as no one assumed the responsibility of giving an answer, and as they were too far from Isaline's servants to understand the sage remarks of the latter, the matter appeared to be dropped as one which would require too much trouble to investigate.

Meantime Henry and Isaline, with more life and spirit than all the rest put together, were speeding away toward one of the curiosities of the wilderness, and it was evident that from some cause they felt little of heat or fatigue.

A quarter of a mile brought them to a pretty little brook, which ran along the base of a bank of earth some five or six feet high, that had apparently been thrown up with a shovel, and formed one side of a parallelogram of two hundred yards by one hundred and fifty, with an opening of six feet wide at each of the four corners or angles, the whole resembling an earthwork or fortification of modern times. Within this inclosure, at short, equal distances from each embankment, rose an oblong mound, to the height of fifty feet, with a regular rounding off of the sides and apex, as though it had been constructed in the best style of a genuine art. Upon the summit of this mound were some half a dozen large trees, which had grown there since its erection, and the whole was covered with a thick, rich greensward, interspersed with wild flowers of various bright hues, presenting an appearance of striking novelty and beauty. Riding into the inclosure through one of the openings, our friends galloped entirely around the interior, but found the main acclivity too steep on all sides for an ascent on horseback.

"It is a beautiful curiosity, to be here in the wilderness," said Isaline, "and I should so like to go to the top of it!"

"We can easily do so by dismounting, I think!" returned Henry.

"But our horses?"

"Tie the bridle-reins around their necks and let them graze here—my word for it they will not attempt to run away."

"If you are certain of that," rejoined Isaline, "we will do so—or," she added, "we can hitch them outside."

"They will remain quietly enough here, have no fear!" said Henry, dismounting as he spoke, and assisting his companion to do the same.

The horses seemed eager for the rank grass, and, leaving them to feed, their riders began to climb the steep little hill before them. It was not easy to ascend, even on foot—for the sides had an angle of inclination like an old-fashioned house-roof—but by taking hold of the grass, to keep from slipping backward, Henry and Isaline soon managed to reach the top, from which they had a fine view of the country round about.

The scene was a pleasant one, but requires no more than a general description. In the direction from which they had approached the place, or looking eastward, was a level, nearly open wood, among the grand old trees of which they could catch glimpses of the train they had left; further on to the right, or southward, was a small ridge, beyond which the ground descended to a swampy level, covered with a thick canebrake; beyond that was another ridge; and then the eye rested upon the hills of the Licking, some five or six miles away, but coming up with a broad bend to within half that distance westward and then falling back till lost in the dim blue of the north-western horizon. Directly northward the ground was rough, rocky and bushy; and between the artificial mound and the nearest hill of the Licking range, was a thick wood, a dense thicket, a rocky ridge, a canebrake, and a grassy opening—so diversified was the face of the country. The sun was some two hours past meridian, but his rays were beating down with great heat; and looming up above the western horizon were some half-a-dozen ominous-looking cloud-heads, as if they might be angry heralds of an approaching storm.

"And where do we cross the Licking?" inquired Isaline, after having looked around her with a flush of delight.

"Yonder," replied Henry, pointing in a south-westerly direction, "where you see that opening between the hills. The great buffalo trace we have been following leads thither, and there, near the Blue Licks, is the ford."

"Oh, yes, the Blue Licks—I have heard my father speak of that place. If I remember rightly, a great battle was fought there between the Kentuckians and Indians?"

"Yes," replied Henry, "a terribly disastrous battle for the borderers—one that nearly cost them the possession of the country! Through their own want of caution and the cunning of the savages, they were drawn into a horrible ambuscade, and the deeds of that day shrouded the whole fair land in mourning!"

"I should so like to see the battle-ground!" said Isaline.

"Should everything be favorable when we reach there, I will show it to you."

"You do not apprehend any danger?" returned Isaline, looking at her companion searchingly.

"At least I hope for no trouble, either there or elsewhere," he answered; "but it is a place I never approach without a feeling of dread—for there, at different times, the Indians have ambushed the whites and committed some fearful deeds."

"Then why pass there now?"

"It is the only travelled road through this section of the country, and has a good ford, except when the river is raised by the spring and fall floods."

"Why do you call our route the buffalo trace?"

"Because in times past the buffalo and other animals, which roamed the wilderness here and northward, came down yonder to lick the saline earth and rocks, and on going and returning they passed over and formed the beaten track we have been pursuing. The springs, at what are called the Licks, are strongly impregnated with salt; and this even now draws from different quarters the beasts of the wilderness; so that these Licks are still fine places for the hunter, who, by concealing himself in some neighboring thicket, can always supply himself with game."

"And so the builders of this mound are not known even in tradition?" said Isaline, abruptly changing the subject and whisking the ground with her riding switch.

"So far as I can understand, not even our present race of Indians knows anything of them," replied Henry.

"I wonder if they were as savage as their immediate successors! Did I understand you to call this mound a sepulchre?"

"Yes, for the ground contains a great many human bones; and also implements of stone, such as hatchets, knives, spear-heads, mortars, kettles, and so forth. I have never dug here, but I have in other mounds like it, and which appear to be scattered all over this western country, and I doubt not the same articles would be found here. I have sometimes thought these hills might have been thrown up for the burial of the chiefs and their families, and that these household things, along with the weapons of war and the chase, might have been put in their graves, under the superstitious belief that they would be needed in the other world—for it is a singular fact, that all nations, peoples and tongues, no matter how rude and low in the human scale, have some kind of faith in the immortality of the soul, or future existence of man."

"I have often thought of that," returned Isaline, "as one of the strongest evidences we have of the reality of a life beyond the grave—for to the barbarous heathen the belief must come rather through instinct than reason—and we know that in the life around us instinct seldom if ever errs. I should like exceedingly to get hold of some one of these relics, as a memento of this visit!"

"If I had a spade with me, it might be the work of only a few minutes," answered Henry; "and even as it is, I think with the use of my knife I can soon get hold of something."

"Perhaps it would delay us too long, and our friends get too far ahead of us!"

"Oh, we could easily overtake them, were they even to have a two hours' start!" said Henry, glancing at the wood through which the train appeared to be moving at a snail-like pace.

"But they may think strange of our absence, and some of the scouts come off to seek us!" suggested Isaline.

"They would hardly do that unless we were to be absent till after dark," returned Henry, "and we will overtake them long before then, to say the worst. But come and sit down, Miss Isaline, on the grass here, in the shade of this tree, while I make a little exploration of the mound!" he added, pointing her to a very comfortable seat.

"I will take the shade of the tree, but prefer standing to sitting," answered the young lady, as she moved forward to the place indicated.

"Sometimes," pursued Henry, "there are marks about these mounds which show us how to arrive soonest at the treasures we seek, and I will endeavor to find one of these."

He forthwith began his search. Going down the northern side, looking carefully at every step, he at length exclaimed:

"I think I have found one of the places—a small, flat stone, buried under the grass, and nearly concealed by the earth itself. Remain up there in the shade, Miss Isaline, have patience for a few minutes, and I will tell you more."

He took out his knife, got down on his knees, and began to clear the dirt off from the stone. This done, he tried to raise it, but found he could not stir it. It was a reddish sandstone, about two feet square, and was covered with hieroglyphics. He again spoke to Isaline, told her of his discovery, and she went down to look at it.

"If we could get it up," he said, "I doubt not we should find something beneath that would prove interesting. If I had a spade I would soon have it out, but a hunting-knife is a slow tool to dig with."

"Nay, then, let it go," returned Isaline; "at best it would only be gratifying a whimsical fancy, and I do not want you to lose any more time here."

"Pardon me, Miss Isaline!" he said, looking up into her bright, sweet face, with a pleasant smile; "I can never think any time lost that I may employ in serving you!"

"You are very kind," she replied, with a rosy flush that increased her beauty; "but I fear we are remaining here too long! We must not forget that we are in a lonely wilderness, filled with prowling wild beasts and savage men, and I see you have not even brought your rifle with you!"

"True," he said, "when I mounted my horse, I gave it to one of the blacks to carry for me; but then I really do not believe there is any danger here!"

"Perhaps not; but we are certainly in an exposed situation, and I confess I am beginning to feel a little uneasy. Although we can hear our friends, they are already out of sight; and if anything were to happen, we might not be able to rejoin them, or get them to our assistance, in time to serve us, if at all!"

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Isaline, for there is really nothing to fear!" said Henry. "All around us the country has been well scoured by the scouts, and not a single Indian sign has been discovered since we landed in Kentucky, and there are no wild beasts in this region that would venture to attack us by daylight. True, I have had some little dread of the ford near the Licks; but we shall not approach that alone, and my companions will look well to the country in that vicinity, you may depend!"

"Well, suppose we rejoin them at once!"

"Give me a few minutes more, Miss Isaline, and I think I can get this stone out. I will work fast, and I confess I am myself not a little curious to see what is underneath it."

As Isaline made no further objections, though she glanced around her with a greater feeling of uneasiness than she would have cared to express, Henry began to dig away the earth from around the stone with his knife and hands. He worked hard and fast, but his progress did not keep pace with his expectation and desire. Five, ten, fifteen minutes slipped away; and though he had by that time cleared the dirt away from the sides of the stone to the depth of several inches, yet he had not come to the bottom of it and could not move it. He was still at work, and his fair companion was glancing around her with an increased feeling of uneasiness that amounted to something like fear, when suddenly both were startled by the sullen boom of distant thunder.

"Ah!" exclaimed Isaline, turning deathly pale and trembling in every limb.

"Good Heaven! what is the matter?" cried Henry, catching the painful expression of her features and noting her nervous agitation.

"It often affects me thus when it takes me so much by surprise," she answered, in a low, faint tone, as she seated herself on the ground, apparently too weak to stand. "Oh that we had not come here at all!"

"We can easily rejoin our friends before the shower can catch us, if that will make matters any better!" he replied. "I did not think of this! One moment, till I get a look at it!"

As he spoke there came another boom, and on the heels of it a third, with a longer and heavier rumble. Isaline covered her face with her hands, and uttered a low, startled moan, which Henry did not hear, for he was in the act of darting around the hill to get a view of the approaching storm, his late position having been about half-way between the bottom and top of the mound and too much on the eastern side to permit of his seeing the western horizon.

A great change had taken place since he had last looked in this direction. Half way up to the zenith, a black, rolling, angry cloud was now stretched, from which darted vivid chains of lightning; and the low, sullen rumble of the distant thunder rapidly increased in volume, and soon became an almost continuous roar, with now and then a jarring boom. The whirling of the clouds indicated a good deal of wind, and the advance of the storm was so swift that even while he was calculating the time it would take for it to reach the place where he stood, he beheld the dark vapors shoot athwart the bright face of the sun, casting a gloomy shadow over the whole scene.

For himself Henry feared nothing; to him this war of the elements was a sublime beauty and fascination; and had he been alone, he would have remained and gazed at the storm with a kind of poetical rapture; but he remembered his fair companion, now made timid even to terror through some unexplainable action of the electrical forces upon her nervous organization, and he hastened back to her side. He found her sitting as we have described, with her face buried in her hands, rocking herself to and fro and moaning.

"The storm is nearer than I thought, Miss Isaline," he said, with hurried anxiety, "and unless we set out immediately, I fear it will reach us before we can possibly rejoin our companions."

"Quick, then! let us go at once!" cried Isaline, starting to her feet, and finding herself so weak as to require his support to keep her from staggering, if not falling. "You think me a foolish coward, I know," she added, as she hurried down toward the horses, "but I cannot help my feelings. A thunder-storm has always had this effect upon me since I can remember; and though I have often tried to reason myself out of my terrors, I have never succeeded in doing so."

"Fear not that I shall think the less of you for what you cannot avoid!" returned Henry. "We have no more command over our feelings than our faith."

"Ha! what a sharp flash!" cried Isaline, covering her eyes, as a bright, lurid bolt shot from heaven to earth, and was shortly followed by a bursting roar.

As our two friends neared the horses, which had all this time been as quietly feeding as if nature were at holy peace around them, there suddenly rung out upon the murky air another sound more appalling than the loudest crash of thunder! It was the wild, fierce scream of the panther, or cougar! and the terrible animal was seen leaping from a tree to the ground, just outside of the inclosure. This even made Henry start, as well as his companion, with a thrill akin to fear, and instinctively his hand clutched the haft of his knife, the only weapon he now had with him. The horses too at the same instant threw up their heads and glared around them, with snorts of terror; and then, before Henry, who abruptly left his companion and darted forward for the purpose, could reach and grasp their bridles, they threw out their heels wildly and dashed away like the wind.

"God help us!" murmured Isaline, clasping her hands, with a feeling and look of absolute despair. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Back numbers can be furnished from the beginning.

☞ The amount of conscience money received by the Secretary of the Treasury for the year ending July 1, 1865, was $20,876. The amount was paid in sums varying from fifty cents to five hundred dollars. About one-half of the fund was forwarded by Catholic clergymen, to whom the money was paid in the confessional. In one instance the fraud had been committed fifteen years prior to the date of refunding the money.

☞ It is stated that an Italian princess of the late reigning house of Modena, was recently received into the Marylebone, London, workhouse, and has died there. Other members of the family are said to be living in London in a state of poverty.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN'Y 20, 1866.

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☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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Respectfully declined.—"My Christmas." "A Plea for the Uncharitable." "Waiting." "Come Home." "Under the Flag." "The Stars are Bright, Love." "Is there Happiness For Me?" "God is Love."

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Decision of character is a quality which may be had with almost any, and every other characteristic. It may be intimately associated with equity, or injustice, with mercy, or cruelty, with charity, or avarice, with any of the loves and hates, good or bad purposes of the soul.

Hence it may direct the mind of bad men as well as good men. But wherever found it is praiseworthy; in itself it is a virtue. It is a quality absolutely necessary to give success to life, and tone to character.

1. It gives one a name. It has a peculiar power to round out and bring into completeness. Pared down with a peculiar chisel, and touched into beauty with a peculiar pencil. A man stands out in bold relief, and we know him.

2. It gives point to life. Life should have an aim. With the decided character it has. The mark is set up. It must be struck.

Decision summons, and concentrates the powers of body and soul, and sends the man through life with the precision of the sped arrow.

So with life's great aim; so with its less ones, all along the line of life less objects he sights, and gains. Hence he is a man to be relied on. A man to be trusted by all those who entered the field at a later date. A strong arm to lean upon; and one that is given readily.

3. It gives him independence. A man among men. What he decides upon he does, and his life is a success. He can talk, and smile, and air his opinions freely. Fear and diffidence have no place in his bosom. He has a right to speak out, and to speak plainly. He has earned and proved his opinion. And if objected to, he can assert his right; and if rejected, he can fall back upon self gained merit. And here we cannot deny there is danger. His own life a success, and his own opinions proved true so often, he may gain such a self consequence that he may do injustice to the opinions and rights of others, and may have an almost total disregard to the advice of prudent friendship. Here greatness has sometimes fallen, and if it has arisen its form was marred, its beauty tarnished.

4. It gives him vigor. Not only has he a right to speak; but that right is acknowledged. He not only give his opinion, but that opinion is felt. Not only does he smile and talk, but his smiles kindle smiles in others, and his talk fills other heads, and crowds upon other lips.

Such men are needed; they are the world's blessing. It calls for them, and gives them place. Other men may have the intelligence—but only such have the nerve to sway the nation and build the empire, to guide the multitude, and speak their will, to lift the national arm, and make the foe tremble.

And through all the ramifications of every great system such men are needed to grasp the reins of power, and guide the ship of state. Thus scattered they form a great net work of strength thrown over the whole fabric, making it firm and substantial. The historic pages of every great state, and the trivial annals of every pleasant neighborhood supply examples, and these examples extort from us—from all the world hearty admiration.

True, men of decided character are not always successful. They are not successful sometimes for want of ability, and sometimes for want of opportunity. Conflict will meet us in the journey of life,—conflict arising from misfortune, or from direct opposition of fellow beings.

And the scene of our conflict will be as varied as our combats are frequent. Without decision the man will show but an easy or an awkward fight, and then a forsaken field; with it he will win a name, and likely a triumph. Decision gave name, and power, and wealth to Great Britain, and self-confidence to America; and where is the great achievement that the world ever witnessed without it. It makes a man—if he cannot do all he would, he will do what he can, and the man that will do what he can, will sometimes find himself doing tremendously; misfortune, and opposition may break in and paralyze his nerves for awhile, but they could not hold him always. Catching anew the velocity which manly ambition imparts, the whole machinery of self-will moves on toward life's great aim.

A weak, undecided character is in itself despicable, and for want of it thousands have made shipwreck of all good, while every soul in Heaven has been kept by it to reach that home. There is such a thing as cultivating such characteristics as we may desire. Try it, and let Decision occupy a prominent place, without it you are nothing.

WEATHER WISDOM.

In childhood, we used to watch with interest the indications of nature which seemed to lead us near to the truth by her inevitable laws. Consequently, if in walking through a cornfield, we discovered a very thick husk upon the corn, we were not surprised to see cold weather in the winter following; and on the contrary, a light husk by which we have a sign of a mild season, would make the heart easy.

Many see the signs of a mild or severe winter in the abundance or scarcity of nuts. We do not know all the observances by which "weather prophets" enlighten us; but they are numerous and interesting—some sensible and easy to credit, others far-fetched and rather amusing than otherwise. But a close observation of nature will reveal to anybody things useful, beautiful, and deeply interesting.

A NEW FEATURE.

We begin in this number of THE POST a new feature, which we hope to render pleasing to our readers. This consists in a series of articles on the origin of popular words and phrases, known to us from childhood up—and which have descended through ages down to the present time.

The articles have been written with evident care after extensive research and great labor. We have no doubt but our readers will find them of much interest.

SOIREE GYMNASTIQUE.—The Eighth Annual Exhibition by the pupils of Hillebrand & Lewis's Gymnasium, will be held at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst., at 7½ o'clock.

AN ICE CURIOSITY.—A little item of some interest, as illustrating a point in natural history, was yesterday brought to our notice by a friend, who, to furnish us with an item, was so good as to bring the very cake of ice into our office. It was a model in ice of the perfect shape of an oblong box, the bottom being formed by the surface ice and the open top having been left unfrozen at the bottom of the box. The ice, which was richly flowered like that upon a window pane, was about a quarter of an inch in thickness; and frozen up within this inclosure had been a family of gold fishes. The fish appear to have been totally uninjured by being shut up in their icy prison, and were as brisk as ever on being put into a bath of fresh water.—*Salem Gazette, 9th.*

☞ A mortgage deed was recorded on the first instant, in the office of the Recorder of Trumbull county, Ohio, given by the Atlantic and Great Western Railway Company to John R. Penn, of New York, as trustee, for thirty millions of dollars, for which seven per centum bonds are to be issued. The instrument required one thousand dollars of stamps.

☞ "All flesh is grass," sighed Spriggles after dinner, the other day, and the wretched man immediately added, "Of all the 'grasses give me a *grass widow!*"

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Funeral Customs—Lying in State—Uncoffined Dead—Dust to Dust—Cheating the Church—Marrying a Corpse.

As a rule, there is a similarity in national and social, civil, military, and religious customs and practices so universal among all communities throughout Spanish and Portuguese America, that distinctly marks the population as legitimately descended from a common trans-Atlantic origin.

But among South American customs there is one, varying so essentially in its major and minor details according to circumstances and localities, that one witnessing the modified or exaggerated conditions, often finds himself wondering where the necessity arises for a practice so dissimilar in features. This is the after-death ceremonies, beginning in all instances almost as soon as the subject ceases to breath, and in many, continued until humanity is again merged in the elementary material that makes our earth.

In some one of the preceding sketches the funeral rites of Southern Brazil, I believe, were briefly glanced at; but as between the Rio Grande *do Sul*, and the western limits of the La Platan Republic, the disposition made of the dead differs so materially, perhaps the *Mendocino's* practice may pay a perusal.

Customs of course vary something, according to circumstances, among these north-western Buenos Ayreans, as with other people, and many a defunct mortal, of little account either dead or living, is put away with as little post-mortem ceremony as a dead pauper is ever entitled to in any country. But let man, woman, or child, having a position in society, or any considerable property, a liberal portion of which, be the sum total more or less, is certain to find its way, either directly or indirectly, into the coffers of the church; let any such personage chance to die, and he, she or it will scarcely have offered the last earthly proof of mortality, than friends, relatives, laity and clergy forthwith set about establishing the dead candidate's claim to immortality, by customs that in any other Christian country under heaven would be a ridiculous comedy.

As I have already observed, these after-death ceremonies assume various features, depending mainly on the social position of the dead, but in no case is there ever an exhibition of the solemnities we are accustomed to see at funerals in our own country or Europe. Almost always the scene and season from death to burial, if thrusting a corpse into an oven, and covering it over with lime, can be called a burial, is a continued holiday, frequently a carnival, and sometimes an actual saturnalia.

A brief description of the *post mortem* ceremonies and funeral of Donna Manuelita Diaz, a very beautiful young lady, daughter of one of the wealthiest citizens of Mendoza, will serve to show the reader that in some portions of South America the Spanish American's definition of the word *obsequies* differs very widely from our own.

Donna Manuelita had died very suddenly from hemorrhage of the lungs, and as we had several of us been intimately acquainted in and with the family, the young lady had not been an hour dead, before our whole party were specially invited by Don Diego Diaz, the father, and Don Christoval Valdivia, husband elect of the departed Donna, to attend *el festival do morte*, at the residence of Don Diego. The majority of our party were pre-engaged in other directions, but Dr. Bond and Edith, Cator, Captain and *Mrs.* Captain Kate O'Harre, Senor and Senora Monteiro, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo happening to be under no obligations to any one, responded to the summons and went forthwith to, what in Ireland would be a wake, in the United States an awful comedy.

We were at Don Diego's within two hours after the death of Donna Manuelita, but prompt as we were, we had been anticipated by at least fourscore friends of the family, or of the two families rather, and had it been the wedding of Don Christoval and Donna Manuelita, there could have been no more brilliant display or greater hilarity than we encountered upon entering the gorgeously appointed and dazzlingly lighted drawing-room of the dead. Donna Urbina Diaz, the mother of the dead girl, herself a very beautiful woman, was magnificent in her robe of white satin—fingers, arms, neck and hair, literally gleaming with golden jewels and blazing with diamonds, and from her joyous welcome and bewitching smile as we saluted her, one would have never dreamed her dead child, whom she had worshipped, was within five yards of her but two hours a corpse.

Don Diego was as courteous and apparently as happy as though it had been to his daughter's nuptials he was welcoming his friends, while Don Christoval, betrothed husband as he had been two hours earlier of the dead girl there in his presence, was certainly the most demonstrative in his gayety, and apparently the happiest person present.

But the most unnatural, and to one unaccustomed to such scenes, the most awful spectacle of all was the dead girl herself. They called it lying in state, but it was not that in any sense that we understand the term. It was the lovely Queen of Death in regal splendor, sickeningly awful, holding court in utter blasphemous mockery of life, with friends, relatives, parents, a betrothed husband, all hilarious and seemingly happy for courtiers.

In a richly carved, canopied, and festooned chair, borrowed from the church, placed upon a dais, covered and curtained with richest purple velvet, enthroned as a crowned queen, sat the dead daughter, made, with painted cheeks and lips, eyes with the vivacious gleam of youthful joy not yet faded from them, jewelled robes and attitude of animation, so to resemble life, that even the doctor, familiar as he was with such deceptions, suspected a practical joke, and would not believe the girl dead till a touch of her cold, rigid hand, convinced him of the reality.

Thus during two days and nights, sat in state the dead daughter of Don Diego and Donna Urbina Diaz, unconsciously counterfeiting life, while parents, relatives, friends, and the brave, handsome man, who had been almost the husband of the lovely girl, were, in obedience to a cruel custom, counterfeiting happiness and mirth, and all through that to them eternity of torture, there was hilarity and sparkling wit, feasting and wine, and revelry around their uncoffined dead.

Then when the lustre of the eyes faded out, the fair, round cheek became sunken, and art could no longer conceal the awful reality, at night, with ostentatious parade, glare of torches, and clang of martial music, the dead girl was borne through the most frequented streets, still wearing her tiara of jewels, her regal robes, and seated on her mimic throne, to the *pantheon*, where without other religious ceremony than a mumbled, "*Dust to dust*," from the lips of a *padre* reeling with wine, all that was mortal of the lovely Manuelita Diaz was pitched feet foremost from the carved and ornamented chair, as if her remains had been but those of a dog, into an oven-like orifice in the wall half filled with quick lime. Then more lime was tossed in from raw hide baskets until the corpse was entirely covered, when the mouth of the orifice was walled up, the funeral rites were ended, and the cortege dispersed. A few days, and there would be but the ghastly skeleton of what had been so very recently one of Mendoza's loveliest maidens

There are a good many conditions in some of these Catholic South American countries, under which the church becomes the heir at law of a party dying intestate, and it occurs frequently enough that Mother Church manages by various means at her command, to make herself trustee to valuable estates legally devised to legitimate heirs, who inherit wealth they never come into possession of, and dying, devise again an empty title to a succeeding heir, the Church always holding the substance. We found instances of such successions that had run on uninterrupted for six, seven, and eight generations.

This condition of things naturally enough provoked a spirit of retaliation, not toward the Roman Catholic Church itself, which, I believe, has been guiltless of such reprehensible practices, but towards the Jesuitical Order, who, under the garb of sanctity, made plundering a profession. But although there had been many long and stubbornly contested struggles between these disinherited heirs and the Church, the latter always came off conqueror, until the rule of Rosas, in the second year of his virtual dictatorship, so curtailed the power and privileges of the Jesuits that they were as amenable to the common law of the country as the meanest vagabond in it.

By a special edict of Rosas, the Jesuit churches were compelled to disgorge these ill-gotten gains wherever a will could be proven and a legitimate descendant found entitled to inherit, no matter how many generations back the first and original will was dated, provided the first heir and his descendants were all males—or rather that there was a male heir in the direct line in every generation. If the estates sequestered by the church had been devised to a female heir, and the heirs living at the date of the enactment of the law were also females, they could only recover one-half the value of the estate, if unmarried; but if married, they were to recover the whole, with interest, and dying without issue, their husbands became legally heirs to the whole estate.

Under such a condition of affairs, there were a great many cases of very sharp practice on both sides, one of which—or rather two combined in one—occurred while we were in Mendoza, and was executed by a Marylander, who ought, we argued at the time, to have hailed from very far "down east."

We had seen the man often enough at Buenos Ayres, and Cator and I had heard him threaten three or four times, perhaps, that some day he was going over to Mendoza to law the Jesuits and the Church of the Holy Martyrs out of ninety thousand dollars. That was three years previously, and three months after he first put his foot down in the city of Mendoza, he had lawed the church and Jesuits out of, well, we never knew to a certainty, but popular report said more than double the sum he had threatened to win from them. The young Marylander's name was Josiah Alvord, and his story, so far as it had any connection with the Mendoza law-suit, is briefly this:

Josiah Alvord, Senior, was in his lifetime a sea captain, and being once in the River Plate, twenty years previously, he had risked his life and saved that of Don Alonzo Isascari, who was drowning as fast as he conveniently could in the Outer Roadstead, off the city of Buenos Ayres. Don Alonzo was a merchant of Mendoza down to Buenos Ayres to purchase goods, and by some oversight, out on the river in a "*tormenta*," when he ought not to have been, and would have been a drowned Don Alonzo but for the daring heroism of the American captain.

Don Alonzo forced Captain Alvord to accept half the funds he had provided to purchase stock with; and two years later, dying at Mendoza, his gratitude still unabated, he made a will, devising nearly $200,000 in money and personal property, one half to his daughter, Donna Elmina, and the other to Captain Josiah Alvord, of Maryland, U. S., and a transcript of the will, with duplicates of all the necessary papers, were sent to the captain's address in Baltimore.

Captain Alvord made a voyage to Buenos Ayres, and a journey to Mendoza, to claim his estate, and found that, coming down to realities, Don Alonzo had died worth perhaps $10,000. Nothing more than that, and every dollar of that had been laid hold of by the Jesuits of the Church of the Holy Martyrs, leaving the daughter, Donna Elmina penniless. Captain Alvord being himself independent, and like a sailor, generous, presented Donna Elmina with a thousand dollars, and returned to Buenos Ayres, carrying with him the original will, and all the necessary papers for proving it. These he gave to Josiah, Jr., at his death, some ten or twelve years later, making him his heir to his Buenos Ayrean estates held by the Jesuits.

Josiah, Jr., had gone out to Buenos Ayres, and established himself in a little grocery, dry goods, grog-shop down close to the boat-landing, waiting three years patiently for something to happen; and it did at last, in the shape of Rosas' edict against the Jesuits.

Josiah went to Mendoza, sought out Donna Elmina, found her a widow, childless, still good-looking, and worth $25,000. Josiah proposed business and a partnership, and Donna Elmina agreed to it promptly. They were to be married, and then open the campaign against the "Holy Martyrs."

On the very day before the wedding was to be solemnized, something very serious happened. But only a priest and some four or five of the lady's near relatives knew anything of the very serious circumstance, and a thousand dollars to each kept their lips close sealed until Josiah Alvord was out of the country.

Several who were present at the wedding, which took place at the bride's house late in the evening, declared they had never seen Donna Elmina look so charmingly beautiful, only she had had a faint turn the day previously, and remained seated in an armed chair during the entire ceremony.

Three days later, the news went abroad that Mrs. Elmina Alvord had died suddenly in a fit. After a few days, Alvord presented the joint claims of himself and *wife* against the Church of the Holy Martyrs. The Jesuits squirmed and protested that there had never been $10,000 of Don Alonzo's property altogether. But the proof was positive against them that they had taken all there was, and just as clear was the proof that Josiah Alvord as heir to his father and Donna Elmina, his late wife, was entitled to recover the entire sum devised to both by Don Alonzo's will, together with interest for some eighteen years on Donna Elmina's inheritance.

Josiah used to say afterwards, that that marrying a dead woman was awful, but he didn't consider it half so mean as the rascality of the Jesuits. He thought the thing would have been a *dead* failure, only for the subsidized priest, who was not a Jesuit, but a very clever ventriloquist, and obligingly made all the responses for the dead Donna.

How the Wind Blows at San Francisco.

[A gentleman recently from San Francisco, says that there is quite as much truth as poetry in the following:]

Ever blowing, colder growing, sweeping madly through the town,
Never ceasing, ever teasing, never pleasing, never down,
Day or night, dark or light,
Sands a-flying, clapboards sighing—
Groaning, moaning, whistling shrill,
Shrieking wild, and never still.

In September, in November, or December, ever so;
E'en in August, will the raw gust, flying fine dust roughly blow.
Doors are slamming, gates a-banging,
Shingles shivering, casements quivering—
Roaring, pouring, madly yelling,
Tales of storm and shipwreck telling.

In our bay, too, vessels lay-to, finding no shelter from the blast:
White-caps clashing, bright spray splashing, light foam flashing—dashing past.
Yards are creaking, blocks a-squeaking,
Rudder rattling, ropes all clattering,
Lugging, tugging at the anchor,
Groaning spars and restless spanker.

Now the sun gleams, bright the day seems—hark! he comes—is heard the roar;
Haste to dwelling, dread impelling, heap the fire, close the door.
Onward coming, humming, drumming,
Groaning, moaning, sighing, crying,
Shrieking, squeaking—(reader, 'tis so,)
Thus bloweth the wind at—San Francisco.

"The Ladies' Man."

By his air and gate, the ultra-fashionable style of his clothing, the killing curl of his moustache, the "look and die" expression of his simpering face, his stream of small talk, and sundry other signs and tokens of a plethora of vanity, and a lack of soul and brain, you may distinguish at a glance the individual who plumes himself a "ladies' man." His belief in his own irresponsibility is written all over him. And to say the truth, your ladies' men have some grounds for their self-conceit. It is indubitable that girls do sometimes fall in love, or what they suppose to be love, with fellows who look as if they had walked out of tailors' fashion-plates—creatures that by the aid of the various artists who contribute to the "make-up" of human popinjays, have been converted into superb examples of what art can effect in the way of giving man an unmanly appearance. The woman who marries one of these flutterers is to be pitied; for, if she has any glimmerings of common sense, and a heart under her bodice, she will soon discover that her dainty husband has no more of a man's spirit in him than an automatic figure on a Savoyard's hand organ. But a woman worth a true man's love is never caught by such a specimen of ornamental hollow-ware. A sensible woman is, in fact, a terror to "ladies' men," for they are aware that her penetrating eye looks through them, and sounds the depths of their emptiness. She knows the man indeed from the trumpery counterfeit, and has no touch of the mackerel propensity to jump at a fleshy bait, in her wholesome composition. The ladies' man should be permitted to live and die a bachelor. His vocation is to dangle after the sex, to talk soft nonsense, to carry shawls and fans, to astonish boarding-school misses, and to kindle love-flames as evanescent and harmless as the fizz of a squib. If, however, he must needs become a Benedick, let him be yoked with some vain and silly flirt, his natural counterpart. So shall the law of fitness not be outraged.

THE GLEANER'S BELL.

Lo! the setting sun is flinging
O'er the hills his parting ray;
Hark! a distant bell is ringing,
'Ere the daylight dies away,
Tinkle, tinkle, you may hear it
Softly wafted o'er the dell,
As the fitful breezes bear it,
Sweetly sounds the gleaners' bell.

Slowly, with its length'ning shadows,
Homeward winds the humble train,
Over cornfields, over meadows,
Laden with the golden grain;
"Tinkle," "tinkle,"—when at ev'n
Thus I hear the summons swell,
Thoughts of rest, of home, and Heaven,
Mingle with the gleaners' bell.

☞ A clergyman, writing from Texas to the Post-Office Department, concerning a contract for carrying the mails, says he contributed in no way to the Confederate cause, except to pray for its success, and is in doubt whether, on that account, he can conscientiously take the test-oath; "but," he adds, "as my prayers were not answered, I think they should not be considered as 'aid and comfort' given to the enemy."

☞ Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, dwelt at length in his inaugural upon the good conduct of the emancipated African. "Since the fiat of emancipation, although sometimes unsettled in his purposes and inconsistent in his service by contract (the natural result of a transition so thorough and sudden,) I take you all to witness [addressing the Legislature,] that, in the main, his conduct has been praiseworthy beyond all rational expectation."

Heavy Fog.—"Goin' to clear off, eh?" called out one farmer to another. "Well, I do' know," was the reply. "This plaguey mist is so heavy the sun can't seem to get a purchase on 't."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

Splendid Array of Contributors.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "Prairie Flower," "The Bridal Eve," "Clara Moreland," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A Tale of The Backwoods.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

William C. Bryant,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
Florence Percy,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
Stephen Paul Sheffield,
Author of "Eve Isle," &c.
Mrs. Henry Wood,
Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mrs. A. D. F. Whitney,
Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c.
Eleanor C. Donnelly,
Author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," &c.
Bella Z. Spencer,
Author of "Ora," &c.
Mrs. M. F. Tucker.
Virginia F. Townsend,
Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c.
Mrs. Eliza Sproat Turner.
August Bell,
Author of "Antagonisms," &c.
Clara Augusta.
Miss A. L. Muzzey.
Beatrice Colonna,
Author of "Told by the Sun, &c."
Mrs. Margaret Hosmer,
Author of "The Morrisons," &c.
Harris Byrne.
"Cosmo,"
Author of "South American Sketches."
Lillie Devereux Umsted.
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Frances H. Sheffield.
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Lizzie Mattiers.
Irene Boynton.
Miss H. S. Corey.
Lucern Elliott.
Author of "A Blasted Life."
Barbara Johns.
Belle St. Aubyn.
Miss A. Forestier.
Edwin R. Martin.
Sara J. Rumsey.
T. J. Chambers, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these fresh and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

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[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS—Our terms are the same as those for that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when it is so desired, and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies (and one *gratis*) $16; Twenty (and one *gratis*) $35. One copy each of The Post and Lady's Friend, $4.

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☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS will be sent *gratis*.
☞ Single numbers for sale by the News Dealers.
☞ Editors inserting the above shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a *marked* copy.

A Sad Practical Joke.—A foolish practical joke was lately played at Rastatt, Prussia, that proved eventually to be no joke to the party playing it. A soldier, belonging to the company on guard, wrapped himself up in leaves and branches in such a manner as entirely to conceal his humanity, and, in the middle of the night, crept up on all fours to one of the sentinels. The latter, astonished at this most extraordinary phenomenon, challenged it three times without receiving any answer. Upon this he put his bayonet into it, and the intruder fell without uttering a sound. It was his last joke. The man was dead!

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

The Etymology of Words—Remarkable old Sayings and Quaint Expressions peculiar to all Ages and Nations—Customs, and Proverbs—Origin of Music, the Stage, and the Drama—Curiosities of Literature, Biblical Statistics, &c., &c., &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JAMES REES.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by James Rees, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Preface.

We purpose to give the origin of old sayings, quaint expressions, singular phrases, customs, and proverbs. Mr. Joseph Bartlet has recently given to the world a work entitled "Dictionary of Americanisms," being a glossary of words, and phrases, usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. The author and compiler of this work has avoided as far as possible the use of his excellent dictionary. In some instances, however, he has introduced a few phrases which bear a strong resemblance to Americanisms, but whose origin, as it will be perceived, dates even anterior to the Christian era.

In arranging and compiling this work, the author has not merely confined himself to the few authorities existing among us, but he has searched through libraries, ransacked old works, and magazines published in every country and language, until he has been enabled to offer the fruits of his labor, (gleaned with no idle hand from every field of literature,) to the American public.

The author had arranged a list of works, as reference, for the curious reader, but at the suggestion of a learned friend, it has been omitted, and the reasoning of our scholastic adviser, can be more fully appreciated, by reading the following sentence from Hurd's work on "Chivalry and Romance:"

—"*Not that I shall make a merit with you in having perused these barbarous volumes myself; much less would I impose the ungrateful task upon you. Thanks to the curiosity of certain painful collectors, this knowledge may be obtained at a cheaper rate.*"

The reader will observe that many of the expressions now in common use with us, are not, as have been generally supposed, of modern origin, but can be traced back to the remotest ages.

The same can be applied to certain words, whose origin being doubtful have been termed Americanisms. In the preface to the revised edition to Webster's Dictionary (1858) the editor speaking of these words makes use of the following language:

"Most of these familiar words, especially of our older states, which have been considered as peculiar to our country, were brought by our ancestors from Great Britain, and were still in constant use in England. The recent investigations of Forby, Holloway, and Halliwell, have thrown much light on the subject, and the names of those authors are, therefore, frequently placed under the words in question, to indicate their origin, and their present use in England. Notes have also been added to a class of words which are peculiar to our country, but their number is comparatively small."

Several passages of Holy-writ have been made subservient to tyrant customs, as well as to the folly of man. These, we have purposely avoided, excepting, however, those which are used in accordance with the principles of Divine truth, and purity.

The origin, and signification of many popular, and well-known expletives, for such they are in connection with our language,—have been traced by the author himself, and, although he is perfectly aware, that some of his derivations may be doubted, yet, he can only say, that the authorities *cannot be questioned*.

The work might have been more extensive, and its character considerably improved, as a book of reference, if the author had introduced Holidays, Festivals, Customs, Games, &c., &c. But as these are to be found in several recent publications, he deemed it advisable to omit them.

Glass Houses, and Throwing Stones.—In the reign of James I., the Scotch adventurers who came over with that monarch were greatly annoyed by persons breaking the windows of their houses, and among the instigators was Buckingham, the Court favorite, who lived in a large house in St. Martin's Fields, which from its great number of windows was termed the "Glass House." Now the Scotch, in retaliation, broke the windows of Buckingham's mansion. The courtier complained to the king, to whom the Scotch had previously applied, and the monarch replied to Buckingham: "Those who live in glasses, Steenie, should be careful how they throw stones." Whence arose the common saying.

"Hear, Hear!"—This phrase, originally "hear him," was first used in Parliament to remind members of the duty of attending to the discussion; but gradually became what it now is, that is to say, a cry indicative, according to the tone, of admiration, acquiescence, indignation, or decision.

Make a Cat's Paw of One.—Richardson's allusion to this phrase in his dictionary fully sustains its origin as given here. He says: "Catspaw, (common in vulgar speech, but not in writing,) the tool, the instrument, derived probably from the Fable, in which the Ape employs the cat to pick the chestnuts from the hot coals with her paw, while he is quietly cracking them."

This Fable is related in a story of a cat and monkey, in a "Voyage Round the World, by Dr. John Francis Gemelli Careri, 1695."

The doctor was told by D. Antony Machado de Brito, admiral of the Portuguese fleet in India, that in order to punish a malicious monkey, he placed upon the fire a cocoanut, (of which monkeys are very fond,) and then hid himself to see how the animal would take it from the fire without burning his paws. The cunning creature looked about, and seeing a cat by the fireside, held her head in his mouth, and with her paws took off the nut, which he then threw into the water to cool, and ate it. Hence the saying.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ It has been said that it is a greater misfortune for a man to be blind than for a woman to be so, as in him it involves a deprivation of the greatest of all enjoyments, the sight of woman. But the reverse is true as to deafness.

The most uncommon of all railroad accidents.—The arrival of a train at the appointed time.

VESPER BELLS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS ROSALINE BENEDICT.

Vesper bells of old St. Stephens
Ringing out the fading light,
Many years ago I listened,
As I listen now to-night.

Many years ago your music
Echoes in my heart awoke;
And its bidden inner voices
Through your tones of gladness spoke.

Looking forward to the future,
Never touched or chilled by fears;
Half impatient with their slowness,
Did I wait the coming years.

From those dreams too soon awakened
All their glory faded quite;
Waiting only rest and quiet,
Do I hear your chimes to-night.

MR. GRAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY JANE GWIN.

Yes, I loved Mr. Gray, while I did not know that he loved me;—and this, notwithstanding I had often, in the deepest secrecy of my maiden meditations, demonstrated to myself, by the best chain of reasoning, the preposterous folly and the danger of such a course, and vowed by all my common sense and all my pride, never to be guilty of it. Yet, after all this, I was forced to confess to myself—though almost without knowing how it came to pass—that one, who three months before was unknown to me, was now more the object of my voluntary and involuntary thoughts, than all the whole city of people, taken collectively or individually.

I will say here, however, by way of self-apology, that I had seen some causes for the suspicion that he was far from indifferent to me; and also that I was very young and unsophisticated and warm, and grave-hearted, considering anything like coquetry as an unpardonable sin, (and I will add also that I *still* reverence this philosophy of my unworn youth. The thief who steals gold wherewith to fill his own empty coffers, man condemns; but one who steals the precious jewels of affection only to throw them in the dust for the idle sport of an hour, *God* will judge.)

I do not mean to intimate in this parenthetical bit of morals that I for an instant imputed such a sin to Mr. Gray. No, I could not have imputed it, nor could he have been guilty of it. I only feared that in my inexperience of the world and of mankind, I had thought, for a little while, too much of his demonstrations of interest and admiration. (This last word has a vain sound I know.) And I thought this the more, because he suddenly ceased all attentions to me, scarcely even speaking to me when it could be avoided. But this only exalted my reverence for him. I said to myself "good discerning man," perhaps he has discovered that his rare society is too attractive to me; and so he will not *tempt* me. More than this, I thought, with a great pang that cannot be written, perhaps he is guarding faithfully his plighted troth to some other. So I re-read my system of self-government, alluded to at the beginning of my story—formed coolly, before trial came, for the future discipline of my maiden life, and out of it I condemned myself for my folly. So I sentenced the growing love to be bound in cables of wisdom and in irons of stern resolves;—but the surges of the heart broke the cables and parted the irons. Yet I still continued unrelenting toward myself. I said I will go no more to assemblies, where, even in the distance, I can see that tall form and fine brow;—nor to festive scenes where I may hear the deep, rich tones of his voice—speaking even to others. I will exile myself from these temptations.

So when the snow fell, tipping the city spires and mantling the domes, I went away to my dear old grandmother's country home, and there I spent the winter days reading to her as she knit hour after hour, or tossing snow-balls sometimes at the little school children as they passed, while my heart felt like a ball of lead;—teaching a class in the village Sunday-school, and praying daily and nightly "Lead me not into temptation," while I *kept away from it.*

When the crocusses were starting in the spring I went home. A letter from mother told me that my father had just received a summons to go on a visit of business to a distant state, and that she was to accompany him, and that brother Morton must be alone, unless I came home to keep house for him; "and," she added, "how *could* I stay away so long when all were pining to see me? It was *strange*. Had some country beau charmed me?" So I hurried to the city as fast as stages could roll and steam-cars whirl me. But my heart kept on beating slowly, and would not bound.

My home was very dear to me—so were all under its roof, and sweet were my duties to them. I packed father's valise and mother's trunk, and bade them good-by, while they charged Morton to "take me out every day," for I "looked as if I had been moped to death in that country town." I spent the morning in that "putting to rights" which always follows the ruffling caused by the setting out of travellers.

In the afternoon I meditated going out, according to brother's solemn charge to me; but I trembled as I thought that I might meet Mr. Gray. To be sure I was in a great city and I might never meet him in its crowds. True, he perhaps was not still living in town. I had tried hard to ask Morton about him at dinner, framing phrases in which to do it carelessly, but when my words got up to the sounding place I was frightened, and could not utter them. And even when some of my giddy young neighbors came in to see me, talking of all the festivities of the season past, I felt such a quaking at my heart that I could not ask of Mr. Gray. But, thought I afterwards, perhaps they would know nothing of him.

They are not the genus of butterflies that he would chase; nor would they seek the deep honey of his heart and mind. They prefer flowers whose cups are nearer the surface. After tea Morton asked me to go with him to a concert, but I was glad to have an excuse for staying quietly at home. The girls had told me that one Mr. Smith had declared his intention of calling on me; and I was quite glad, as it turned out, at the prospect of an hour of his empty flippancy. So brother went away without me, and after Biddy had lighted the gas and brightened the fire in the grate, I was left alone. I knew that the said Mr. Smith's business hours were late, and hoping for solitude for an hour or two I threw myself on the sofa; but I had not indulged long in resting and thinking, when the street-door bell rang, and roused me to the recollection of Mr. Smith!

How early he had come! I had no more than time to start up and smooth down my ruffled hair when the door opened and I advanced to meet Mr. Smith, when I beheld instead—*Mr. Gray!* I had no time to shut down the valves of my heart, so the blood rushed in great currents to my cheeks; then, frightened, flew back, leaving my face pale as marble, I knew. Mr. Gray *seemed* not to observe my agitation. He was just as calm and strong in his manner as ever; gave me an earnest, quiet welcome home, and sat down beside me on the sofa. But in this sudden astonishment I could not yet recover my balance. Trying to say something, (most painful of all efforts) I spoke of the moonlight, when it was only very dim starlight; and of clear weather, when it had been rainy. My guest did not reply to these remarks, nor did he even smile, and how I blessed him for this as I blushed again at my blunders. He looked thoughtfully down for a moment, then took from his pocket a little silver box. "Tobacco!" No, it was not. That fine classic mouth was never stained by the vile juice of this weed; and smiles were often around it, but never wreathing smoke.

He opened the silver box and took from it a white rose-bud lying in its soft, green leaves, and holding it a moment, said, now with a a shade of embarrassment in his countenance:

"Miss Lilian, I have brought you a spring bud. Will you not reward an old friend (you *know* I am older than you,) by allowing me to place it myself in your hair?"

Of course I did not *try* to resist this temptation, and could not have done it *in words* if I had had the wish; but only blushed beyond all control, as he rose, and bending to my head, placed the bud in my braids. I was pale again when he took one of my hands in both his as he stood, and looking down into my face—(I felt, but did not see,) said, in such tones as are never told by pens:

"Miss Lilian—*Lilian*—may I not read this open page of your heart till death do us part?"

I could not speak nor move, but great tears rolled down my cheeks, not from the fountains of sorrow, but such as come sometimes from intense happiness; and my tears were wiped as none had ever done before, and kisses were laid upon my brow and lips till the molten joy flowed out again. This may seem like temerity, arrogance, vain self-consciousness of power; and it might have *been* so in another grade of man. It was not so in *him*.

His heart was full of love and unspeakable happiness. He knew that so also was mine. The depth of his own nature were stirred, and he knew that he had moved the deepest fountains of my being, and so, as all comprehending towards me, as he was true and earnest in himself, he felt that it was *for him* to calm and assure me by *demonstrations*, while as yet no word from my lips had told him that I was all his own. Shallow hearted, half earnest, changing as are many, it is needful for security in life as it is, that mutual bonds of law should be exchanged; but were all simple, great, perfect in loving; one lightning glance of the eye might bind what nothing could put asunder. Then he whose love I believed, in an instant, without one doubt, drew me to his heart and told me, in words, how that heart had beaten only for me,—and *how long;* and then I knew that I had never loved him when I was not beloved. He said that from his first betrayal of interest in me he had felt for me, not admiration simply, but a decided, strong affection, growing constantly more intense, and had made a full resolve to secure my love, in return for his own, if this were possible.

But with a soul as rich in noble wisdom, as in ardent love, he had justly sought to know whether for the wealth of devotion which he longed to bestow upon me I could give him sufficient,—whether his heart and mine were such as might safely be allied. He soon thought that I was interested in and attracted toward him; and then he denied himself all demonstrations toward me, that he might study in silence my character and heart, and assure himself whether I could love *enough*,—not enough to satisfy the demands of *vanity*, but to return his own measure of affection: and when in these studies of his I suddenly left home—for what reasons he knew not—he still waited patiently the testing time, wishing to know if absence would destroy whatever preference I had felt toward him; or if, perhaps, it might be easily transferred to some other.

"A dangerous and very foolish experiment some might consider this," said he, smiling; "but I had set a high price to pay for the goods I sought,—the whole wealth of my heart; and so I wanted strong and durable wares. Woe be to him who puts his whole fortune in the freight of one ship, and then mourns as soon as he has sailed."

The trial was not less sore to him than to me. His own love never swerved while he bided the weary days that should prove the ore of my heart.

And after all this, which was spoken to me in more and better words than I have used in recounting it, he said:

"And, Lilian, my own darling, all mine now, and I all thine from the first, I had yet another reason for my course. I remembered the night when *I* met you for the first time, at Mrs. Lee's soiree, and the hour when you and I stood in the perfumed conservatory, talking while the dance went on. I remembered you as you stood in your black velvet dress, with the little star of glistening pearls at the throat, and the one simple white rose-bud in your dark hair. (So I chose a white rose-bud to put in the silver box before I came to bring you my heart to-night, if you would take it.) You stood under the blossoming sprays of a tall exotic while we talked there on the world-studied subject of happiness; and I, looking down into the open flower of your face, sought to draw out your ideas on the theme, and I remembered something you said, with a flush on your cheek and a grave light in your eye. You said that if God would freely give you His permission to make your choice, whether to have the joys and sorrows of your mortal life mingled and mixed together, mutually brightened and chastened, or to have your sorrow by itself, unlit, and your portion of joy concentrated, intense, unshadowed, you would choose the latter dispensation. You said also that you would desire, if God would permit, to have your joys come in *surprises*, and not by slow degrees, for this would add to their fulness and intensity. I was thrilled with sympathy, for these had been thoughts and longings of my own heart. And, oh, Lilian, how I wished, that night in my solitude, that it might be given me to surprise you with some great joy; and that I might do this was one reason for my course. I wished to see how *great* a light I could kindle for you,—not that I might rejoice vainly in my own power, but in your exceeding bliss, received in the degree and in the manner which you had told me you would ask, if permitted to choose."

And so it came to me—that strange happiness which God grants to the craving heart of woman when he gives her to be the wife of a true and noble man.

At the altar of the church one summer evening, when the sun-set light came softly in through the richly-colored Gothic windows, casting trembling rainbow hues upon my white robes, where I stood in my small stature but great love by the tall, protecting form of him beside me, who in his deep, *true* tones vowed to love and cherish me till Death should us part, it seemed to me that angels from Heaven might flutter in unseen among the crowd, and hover over us, quivering with longings for, and almost with envy of our human bliss.

Then we went from the city to a quiet cottage home in a country village, and I thought myself the happiest wife who had ever dwelt with a husband since that first espousal in Eden, whose sacred rights God himself came down to bless under the open sky of His own new earth. We lived and breathed and prayed together. We sought to do good deeds together, and to follow side by side *Christ* who so smiled on marriage love that an apostle compared it to His own for His church.

Thus for three years I lived, and it seemed to me that God was strangely granting the desires of my heart. He had given me the *surprise* of a great joy, and now I was daily drinking from a deep cup of concentrated sweetness that really had, as yet, no bitter drops. But I trembled sometimes as I thought, "what if He should yet prepare for me one of as unmingled sorrow!" Yet I always quickly silenced this fear, saying, "I will take the joy of to-day, and leave the morrow in His keeping and infinite wisdom." I looked on the dear form of my husband, while my heart whispered solemnly and sweetly, "Surely nothing but Death can part us, and after that come reunion and immortality!"

But, ah, there are other partings than those of the great destroyer of all human bonds, of which I never thought.

I sat one summer morning beside the cradle-nest of my little darling Grace, on whom but six moons yet had shone. I was dividing my time between looking upon her beautiful baby-face, and into the book which my husband had given me to read when he left me in the morning. As I came to those lines of Mrs. Browning's "De Profundis:"

"The heart, which like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon:
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away,
And yet my days go on, go on.

"And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here with hope no longer here,
While the tears drop, my days go on.

"The world goes whispering to its own,
'Tis anguish pierces to the bone;'
And tender friends go sighing round
'What love can ever heal this wound?'
My days go on, my days go on.

"The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all right. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on."

I read these stanzas over and over, and then throwing my head back against the casement of the open window, all covered with curtains of roses which my husband had hung there, I *thought* on them with a vague, quivering fear of some unknown time when my now sun-flooded heart might wail in woe, if not in words, a lament as deep as that which came from the soul of the gifted poetess.

I was roused by the sound of wheels, and thinking my husband had come, ran out to meet him; when, as I reached the open front door of the porch, I saw him being carried through the gate by two men. I rushed across the lawn, and in another moment saw the face of Mr. Gray all covered with blood, flowing over it from a wound in his head. The story was quickly told. He had been thrown from his wagon, and some kind laborers working on the road had brought him home. I almost fainted with fear as I looked at the stained face, closed eyes, and speechless lips, but soon gave myself strength, by the hope that the injury was probably only a slight and transient one. The surgeon came—parted the dark locks of clotted hair, looked at the wound, and looked very *grave*. Burning fever and wild delirium set in. I watched over him as he lay thus for days and nights with always closed eyes. O how I longed for one look into them. Their light had been to me more than that of two suns.

Once I parted the lids gently and glanced under them, for it almost seemed to me that the longing look of his wife might call reason back to her throne, but the dark fringes fell back again on the pale cheeks while my tears fell on them too.

At last the night came when the tossing form grew calm, and till morning broke he slept quietly as my child.

I watched eagerly for him to open his eyes upon me; but oh, when he did, it was only to look upon his wife with an unconscious gaze! I kissed his eyes and lips and brow, and called him by all fond names, but he answered to none. I brought our little nestling and laid her in his arms, and pressed her soft cheek on his, but all in vain. My husband was *insane*, and so he continued.

I looked at him thus, day after day, till one cold autumn morning when the sky was lead over my head and the earth iron under my feet, a carriage rolled over the gray, frozen ground to our door, he was led into it by our kind physician, and carried to a lunatic asylum! Now, indeed, I sat in the darkness of a deep shadow, "with emptied arms and treasure lost," drinking from a cup that seemed, at first, unmingled gall.

But after days and nights of agony and prayer, I was inspired with strength to say calmly, "Have I received good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?"

Week after week passed by, moon after moon arose and waxed and waned over my desolation. I wrote frequently to the physician of the asylum, but received no answers of hope; while at the same time he begged me never entirely to despair. I resigned myself to the death of my best joy, but longed earnestly to see coming out of this death living fruits of faith in my soul. I would not leave the beautiful cottage home which my husband had led me to when his bride, but resolved to cling to it till he should be brought back into it clothed in his right mind, or dead; or until I should be carried to my own grave.

I employed my time in seeking to carry out Mr. Gray's plans of benevolence, and all others, and all his wishes. I took two little orphan girls to care for and educate, and to be with my own Grace—sweet growing bud, expanding every day into more beauty and loveliness. It was my unceasing prayer and labor that she might be all which her father had desired her to become. As soon as she could comprehend I told her of her dear papa who was sick, and had gone away to be cured, and taught her to ask her Great Father up in Heaven to make him well and bring him home again.

Once I went to see my husband, and only once. Oh, it was like that anguish which one feels when venturing to look too late upon the face of one too long dead. After this my soul fainted within me, and I was unfitted for a time for the duties of my daily life. So I resolved to go no more to my husband in his living grave. Letters from the doctor had upon me the same enfeebling effect, for he could never encourage me; and therefore for a long time I wrote nothing to him. This may seem *strange*, but nothing that I could do could avail anything, and I needed all my force to do the work of life. My husband had taught me this Christian philosophy, and now I sought strength from Heaven to *act* it.

More than two years had passed since the day when the light of that bright mind was darkened, when I wrote again to the doctor, as I had still continued to do at long intervals. In a few hours I received this sorrowful reply:

"MY DEAR MRS. GRAY:—I am just about leaving the asylum with a patient, and have time now but for a hasty answer to your inquiries. Your letters have always given me great pain, because I have had nothing encouraging to communicate. I see no prospect now of a change in your husband. I will let you know at a future time all that I think of his case.

"Yours, in haste, and with sincerest sympathy,
"D. B. MARTIN."

This was given me as I sat one morning at breakfast with the orphan girls, and my little Grace in her high chair. I gave the children into the care of my faithful Chloe, whose black face was always lighted with the kindness of her heart. Then I took refuge in my own room. My strength went from me—from body and soul; and I could do nothing that day but weep and pray. All day long the heavy rain pelted against my window panes, and not a gleam of sunshine came through the leaden clouds; but for this I cared not. It mattered little in the dark depths of my sorrow what was the face of the outer world. As the night drew on I slept at last, and awoke calm and refreshed, the throbbing temples quieted, though my brain seemed exhausted and powerless. I groped my way down in the dark to the library, where the children were playing, with no light as yet but that of the hearth fire.

I felt very weak, and unable to bear noise. So the little girls were sent to another room with their books, and I kept my baby Grace to be alone with me a little while before her bed-time. I took her in my arms and nestled her in my bosom, weeping quietly over her, while she stroked my cheeks with her tiny hands, kissing me and seeming to strive with all her sweet power to comfort her mamma. I had never allowed myself to grieve long in her presence.

Her tender, childish pity and sympathy soothed me, and I wished to cherish these in her, but not to teach her too much sorrow. So I bade her bring her night-dress, and when I had put in on the dear little form, she knelt down in her white gown at my feet, and laid her fair, curly head in my lap to say her evening prayer. As she came to the close when she always offered up her petition for the absent, I bowed my face on her head to offer my tears with her words—"Oh, bless my dear papa and make him well, and bring him home again;" and this time she added "And make us *so* happy, amen." "*Amen*," whispered another voice, with intensest emotion. I started and looked behind me to see who had entered. His voice again—louder—"Oh, Lilian!" and I was grasped and wrapped in the arms of my husband!

I fainted—which I never had done in my life before. When my consciousness returned I was lying on the sofa, and a strange nurse was bending over me, bathing my forehead and kissing me over and over.

I started up bewildered. He laid my head gently back on the pillow, saying, in that strong, calm tone of old—"Lie still, my darling, and do not speak for a little while." He stayed for a few moments bent over me, looking intensely and silently into my face, and dropping great tears over it.

The room was lighted now, and I could see that it was indeed my own husband, but I obeyed, and did not speak. Little Grace was still there. He took her in his arms and sat down near the fire. Oh what a picture was that to me, as he sat there folding her in her white gown to his bosom, kissing her every moment, while she stroked his face fondly, saying, "I know you are my own dear papa." Soon he took her away, and in a moment came back to my side.

"Now, darling," said he, "we are alone with each other and our great joy." And then he took me up in his arms, like a child, and sat down again in that armchair before the fire, and gave me Grace's place in his bosom, pillowing my head and stroking my brow to quiet me.

"I am all quiet now," I said, "but I am bewildered; explain the mystery or *I* shall be insane."

"No you will not, darling. You can bear a great deal of joy—I know this. The cup of your heart is large; and, oh, I wanted the great bliss of filling it once more, and of seeing it run over again."

"But the *letter*, what *did* it mean?" I begged.

"Now I will tell you all," he answered.

"Four weeks ago, my doctor began to see signs of improvement in me, yet scarcely dared to hope much.

"As you had not written of late to make inquiries, he determined to write nothing to you lest hopes might be raised only to be destroyed. I continued to improve, however; and two days ago I told him, weeping for gladness, that I was a sound-minded man, and wanted to go immediately to my wife. He gazed into my face, hardly less rapturous than I, saying: 'yes, you are a saved man, and I can trust you to go—brain all balanced now—to the world's end; but I must crave the privilege of taking you myself to that wife of yours.'

"Just then your letter to the doctor came, and he was about to answer it, telling all, when I forbade the revelation; telling him that I must *surprise* you! He remonstrated: 'Will it not upset *her* brain?' 'Oh, no,' said I, 'she has a steady head, and a heart that will hold—oh, you don't know how much, and I must *fill* it. Poor child, it is no doubt very low at this moment, while I am already almost the happiest being alive—and what *shall* I be when I get to her?' So *I* wrote the letter which you received, and the doctor copied and signed it. We will read it together to-morrow, and you will see that it is every word true—though an entire deception—and a perfect success! I wanted to keep you in darkness till the last moment, and then flood you with a sea of light, and make your joy as intense as my own. I knew how large the cup of your heart is, and wanted to see it once more brimming over. You know, Lilian, what you said to me, which first gave me this appetite, that first time we ever talked together; and I could not be a sane man and forget that; nor shall I ever forget that time, darling, when I *first* surprised you, and made you, *perhaps*, almost as happy a being as myself,—when I brought you the white rose-bud, you know," said he, with an utterly indescribable smile.

Then we almost quarrelled while we analyzed, dissected, and compared, striving to decide which might be, and ought to be, and *was* at the present moment of our great deliverance and joy, the most intensely happy; but the only way in which we could settle the question to our mutual satisfaction, was by the conclusion that we were *one*—therefore our felicity must, of course, be one and indivisible and so could not in the nature of things be *compared*.

So we laughed together over this and then kept a silence for a while, which my husband broke in his lowest, sweetest tone:

"Lily, I was thinking as I lay sleepless for joy my last night at the asylum, that the idea of *surprises* seems to be one of those that lie in the Infinite heart which devises all our good. Our loving, compassionate Christ, when He was on earth, often permitted those who needed His help and power, to sink into the deepest extremity of woe before He appeared to deliver. He did not go to the long, wondering sisters of Lazarus, though they had sent unto Him saying Lord, behold he whom Thou lovest is sick; nor when the last breath was passing did He come to save; nor when the dead form was laid upon the bier; nor when it was borne to the sepulchre; nor when the weeping sisters returned to their empty home; nor when they lay down upon their pillows to weep for Lazarus in his cold bed in the rock; nor till all hope was drowned in the fullness of sorrow, did He come and cry 'Lazarus come forth!' Then there was such amazing joy in a human home as no poet could ever sing, nor artist paint.

"And at the last, Lilian, will there not be solemn, sweet surprises for us after we have passed through the mystery of death. Oh, what will those be of which it is said, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'"

We wept silently over this thought, and then knelt down together by the great armchair; and my husband, with his arm closely held around his wife, thanked God for our present exceeding joy, and for our hopes of the wonderful surprises of immortality!

Next morning we had a guest at breakfast,—dear, kind Dr. Martin. He had come with my husband the night before; but, with delicate consideration for us, he had insisted on spending the night with a friend whom he had in our village, promising to be with us at breakfast. So I was out in the kitchen early in the morning "bustling about," Chloe said, "as if I had some strange, new springs in my feet." I got out and dusted my beautiful silver set, a bridal present from my mother, which had never been unlocked since Mr. Gray went away. How I had again my old pleasure in arranging it on the table, with all my other pet table ornaments,—my gem of a breakfast castor, my little loves of salt-sellers, and other fancy things. They were all in shining array upon the spotless linen, and the house was filled with the mingled odors of coffee, broiled chickens, and browning, puffing muffins, when the doctor came. When Mr. Gray took my arm in his and led me into the library to see him, he gazed at me a moment, and exclaimed:

"Your face is radiant with joy," and then kissed it earnestly, without so much as saying "By your leave, sir," to my husband.

Then we gathered around our cottage table, and no happier company ever sat down at a palace feast. After the knives and forks had ceased their rattling, Mr. Gray said "we would have for our last course 'my letter from the doctor,'"—alias *himself*. "We will discuss the points in order, as they come," said he, opening the sheet:—"'I am just about leaving the asylum with a patient.' Yes, *he was*, and that happy patient was *your husband*. 'Your letters have always given me great pain, because I have had nothing encouraging to communicate. Sorrowfully true, for, up to the present writing, he had had no good news for my wife. 'I see no prospect of a change in your husband.' No, he is just as well and happy now as he can be on earth, and hopes for no *change*. 'I will let you know, at a future time, all that I think of your husband's case.' Well, here is the doctor now, who will tell you all that you want to know, if you desire further information than you can read in my face. He will talk to you all day.'"

"I will tell you *now*," said the doctor. "Your husband has a perfectly sound mind in a perfectly sound body, and the soundest, deepest, richest heart I ever knew in man."

At this I couldn't help jumping up from my place, and ran around to where the doctor sat and giving him my thanks in a fervent kiss; and he wasn't shocked at all; but large tears stole out of his eyes, and he looked nobly happy as he thanked me for "giving him a share in the feast of our great joy."

AN Irishman who was brought up in the Police Court, some time ago, charged with whipping his scolding wife, claimed that he was guilty of no offence, and that he was acting in strict accordance with an ordinance of the Board of Supervisors. "Sure, your honor," said he to the Judge, "I was only a bating a nuisance."

☞ Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY SAMUEL H. WEIL.

Aslant the eaves the setting sun
  Is pouring floods of gold between
  The stars of snow and silv'ry sheen
Of ice drops melting one by one.

The day has set; and for its seal
  The sun stands out against the west,—
  And noon brought life, and evening rest,
And night shall sleep and dawn reveal.

But the sun shall linger awhile ere it sinks,
  And light up the snow fields with crimson gold hue;
  And the ice trees shall kiss it a parting adieu,
And shall ring it good-by with their crystalline clinks.

For the heart shall be bright when the sunset is fair,
  And the hopes of our soul shall oft linger awhile,—
  For they like the sun shall go down with a smile,
And leave nothing but golden remembrances there.

A LIGHT AND A DARK CHRISTMAS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," &C., &C.

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The facts appeared to be these. On the afternoon of the new year, which fell upon a Saturday, Sir Bede, terribly upset with the disturbance, the quarrel, was sitting in a little parlor, which he called his, on the ground floor, where he transacted any business that might arise. He had been ailing for some days, the agitation made him feel very ill, and he would not attempt to go to the Hall to dine. While he sat there, a small tenant farmer called to pay a half-year's rent. It had been due at Michaelmas, but the man was, or said he was, unable to bring it before. Sir Bede, always a considerate landlord, accepted the apology with good nature, and contrived, himself, to write the receipt. The money, forty-five pounds, consisting of gold and notes, was in a canvas bag. The farmer declined refreshment, and departed, being in a hurry, saying he would call for the bag in a day or two, and would take a glass then. It was dusk, but the room was bright with fire; and presently Sir Bede rose from his chair, took the bag, and walked with his usual difficulty to the escritoire—or, as he called it, escritor; a sort of high, upright desk, where he kept his papers. At that moment Tom Clavering came in; and Sir Bede, either in agitation at the sight of him, or by accident, dropped the key. Tom stepped forward and picked it up, for his grandfather could not stoop without great difficulty; and Sir Bede put it in the escritoire, turned the key, but did not take it out of the lock. Tom had come in to apologize for the heat he had been guilty of to his grandfather an hour before; but Sir Bede wholly refused to hear him, and went out of the room in anger, to avoid discussion, leaving Tom in it. As Sir Bede was turning into the dining room a servant came up and said that Cole, the farrier, was in the kitchen, craving a minute's speech of him. Sir Bede, very much vexed and put out, answered by saying he could not see Cole then, but the man might call again later in the evening. A few minutes—it was not five—and Sir Bede went back to the little room: it was quite empty, the door shut, and all things apparently were undisturbed. Remembering that he had left the key in the escritoire, he went up and took it out before he sat down. It was rather a remarkable coincidence that Sir Bede did not again leave the room, but shut himself up in it for the evening. He took nothing but a basin of soup for his dinner, and that he caused to be brought to him: the family, remember, dining at the Hall. Between seven and eight he saw Tom Clavering for a few minutes, coldly gave him some concise instructions, shook hands with him by way of adieu, and wished he might behave better where he was going than he had done latterly at Beechhurst. Between eight and nine Cole, the farrier, came again, and was admitted. Cole's business was to beg the loan of a prescription for some horse medicine, of which the baronet had spoken to him some days before. Sir Bede went at once to the escritoire to get it, asking the man to hold the light. The first thing that struck Sir Bede, on opening the lid, was that the bag of money was gone. In his amazed surprise he spoke words which disclosed all to the farrier—the circumstances of the loss, and the amount of money in the bag. Even as Sir Bede spoke, the thought flashed over him that it could only have been taken by Tom: and in his horror and fear lest such a disgrace on the name of Clavering should be published, he first of all enjoined the man to silence, and then strove to smooth the matter by saying it was very possible the bag was not lost, but had been removed to the safer quarters of his own room upstairs. Cole, a keen man, took his cue, and affected to believe that his Honor would there find it. Such was the story told to Squire Orde after church on the following day, Sunday.

"And you think Tom took it?" exclaimed Mr. Orde.

"What else can I think?" retorted the Baronet. "There was no opportunity for any one else to take it. In the few minutes that I stood in the dining-room, the door was wide open, and it was impossible that anybody could pass it to go to the little room, unseen by me. Besides, who would do such a thing?—my household are not thieves."

"Tom is at Bristol, you say."

"He is gone to Bristol to wait for orders. Lady Lydia, it seems, has foreseen this for some time—she was further sighted than I—and has been interesting herself with her friends in Ireland to get him the management of some land there. She expects a letter by every post with the final instructions. They want him to take over some sort of agricultural implements."

But Mr. Orde had a conscience. In spite of the evidence bearing in many ways against Tom, he could not forget that he was the nephew of his dead wife. And when on the following morning a letter was delivered to him from Tom; a very proper, sensible letter, wishing him farewell and stating that the Hall being full of guests on New Year's night, was the reason he did not make it in person, Mr. Orde suddenly determined to go to Bristol and see him. So he sent a servant to direct the Bristol mail to take him up that night at midnight when it passed, as it had taken up Tom two nights before.

He saw Tom; he listened to his version of matters; of what his treatment of Beechhurst had been for some time, more especially in the past week; and Mr. Orde came to the conclusion that Tom was more sinned against than sinning. But he considered that some experience in the world would be of benefit to him, and urged him not to kick against the Irish proposal, but to do his best in it. Things might brighten sometime: they generally did by dint of patience and perseverance. Tom replied that he had no intention of kicking against it; he was turned adrift, and it appeared Hobson's choice—go there or starve.

"By-the-way," cried the squire, speaking in a careless tone, "there has been a loss at Beechhurst since you left—or, rather, the evening that you were leaving. A bag of money—forty-five pounds, I believe it contained—that Sir Bede put into the escritoire, disappeared in a mysterious manner."

"Was it the bag I saw him put in?" cried Tom, raising his honest eyes fearlessly to the squire's face. "What a strange thing! It can't be lost."

"Yes, I believe it was that same bag. Sir Bede said something about your having been present when he put it up. It seems he left the key in the lock, and was absent from the room about five minutes; not more. During that time the bag disappeared."

"Who went into the room?"

"There it is! No one went in, so far as Sir Bede can tell. He was in the dining-room during those few minutes, with the door open, and felt quite certain that no one passed to go to it."

A sudden light, as of awakened remembrance, shone in Tom Clavering's eyes.

"Hallos!" he exclaimed, "I saw—." And there he stopped short.

"Saw what?" asked the squire.

But Tom Clavering did not respond. He sat down, evidently in deep and earnest thought, and began stroking the wavy flaxen hair from his temples; a habit of his when troubled.

"What did you see?" repeated Mr. Orde.

"No," said Tom, "I'll say no more. The fact is I thought I remembered to have seen somebody go into the room; but perhaps—perhaps I was mistaken. I dare say I was mistaken."

"You ought to say. The money was *stolen*."

"I never will, sir. I'd not say it if I were certain. Let them fight out their own battles."

"And suppose they were to suspect *you* of taking it?"

Tom burst into a laugh.

"Suspect me of stealing money! Not they. Sir Bede knows me better. They all do."

"Suppose they were to *accuse* you?"

"I don't think I should speak if they did. I'd rather do an enemy a good turn than a bad one. It all comes home to us, sir. If we sow flowers we get the perfume; if we plant nettles, they only spring up and sting us. I don't believe a man ever did the smallest kindness, but it was in some way returned to him; I feel sure that for every injury, however trifling, a man or woman designedly inflicts on others, a worse evil comes back to them. I have noticed it scores of times."

"Tom did not take that money, Sir Bede," observed the squire when he got back.

"No, that he did not," was the somewhat unexpected but emphatic answer. "I was enraged against him at the time or I should never have said it. Poor Geoff was the soul of honor, and Tom takes after him. There! let the dratted dross go! I shan't make a stir about it. Perhaps the rats—sink 'em!—got at it; much good may it do 'em!"

It was the custom in those days for country gentlemen—and town gentlemen also for the matter of that—to speak out in far broader words than these; but Sir Bede was in general a notable exception.

"Are you ill?" asked the squire, wondering at the irritability.

"I don't know. Ill in temper, I suppose. I miss Tom. Things go all cross without him. He was my right hand, Orde. I didn't value him when he was here; but now I look round for him every minute of the day."

"Have him back," said the squire.

"Not just yet; Lady Lydia would say I did it to put a personal affront upon her. He *was* insolent to her; there's no denying it."

"A spell of Ireland will do him good," remarked the squire, soothingly. "It will give him the experience of the world that he'd never learn at Beechhurst; and a dose of roughing it is always serviceable to young men. In regard to that money—"

"Hang the money," roared the old man. "I won't hear any more about the money. But for thinking he had helped himself to it—and a fool I was for my pains!—I should never have let him go when it came to the last."

"I was only about to say," quietly persisted the squire, "that some one might have come in at the window and taken it. It opens to the ground, you know, and you have a habit of sitting there after dusk with unclosed shutters. Were they unclosed at the time?"

"Of course they were," irritably returned Sir Bede. "It was hardly dark; I hadn't had lights brought. Let it go, I say, Orde."

"Then you still intend to make no stir in it?"

"Orde, you'll drive me mad. Make a stir in it to have Tom slandered! *I* know he didn't touch it; but everybody else would be ready to say he did. Bury the money!—and I wish it had been buried before Parker had brought it here that afternoon!"

Lady Lydia met Squire Orde as he was going out.

"How Sir Bede seems to feel Tom's absence!" he innocently remarked—but the squire was one who could never see an inch beyond his nose. "He wants him back again."

Every drop of blood in Lady Lydia's body seemed to stand still as she listened. Want him back again!—after all her trouble! But she was a thorough diplomatist; and she smiled sweetly on the squire as he stood before her.

"It is a great deal better for us all that he should be away, Mr. Orde. Better for me, better for you, especially better for your daughter. Rely upon it, all things happen for the best."

"What difference does it make to my daughter?" cried the squire, opening his eyes at the words.

"Ah—but perhaps I ought not to tell tales out of school," smiled Lady Lydia. "He was a presuming, designing villain; he dared to fall in love with your daughter, and to make little secret of it; he cherished the hope of making her his wife; yes, squire, even he, Mr. Tom Clavering."

The squire's eyes dilated; the squire's hair rose up on end with horror. *He!* penniless, obscure Tom Clavering! Make up to Miss Orde!—to *my* daughter!"

"There's not a doubt he did, squire; secretly, if not openly. It is good for us all that he should be away."

The squire acquiesced with his whole heart, and with a few strong words. He would have moved heaven and earth, after that, to keep Tom Clavering away from Beechhurst. He began to see that he *was* a scapegoat and nothing else; he began to think it very likely he *had* taken the money; and all the enormities of which Tom was accused found more than a willing echo of belief in his mind. So prone is human nature to be swayed by self-interest!

CHAPTER III.

THE NOTABLE SNOW-STORM.

One twelvemonth later. The London and Worcester mail was toiling its slow way along, amidst difficulties. Snow was falling heavily, snow had been falling, more or less, for three days. The coach was unusually laden: though it was the mail, and carried his Majesty's letters, it was not on that account exempt from parcels: and it was crammed with London presents for the country, suitable to the season. Baskets of codfish, barrels of oysters, small hampers of wine, passengers' luggage—never had the Worcester mail been more heavily charged.

Slower and slower went the horses. The coachman—half blinded, himself, by the drifting storm—alternately coaxed and whipped them. The guard rose perpetually in his seat behind, and looked out on the white mist, so far as he could see of it in the light of the mail lamps: now and then he put his horn to his mouth and blew a blast. To what end? it only went shrieking and echoing away to the lone country, its sound deadened by the snow.

The horses came to a standstill, and the coachman turned his head to speak. "Light your lantern, Jim, and come and see whether I *be* in the road."

The guard got down with his lighted lantern, and sunk at once up to the knees in snow. It was impossible to tell whether they were in the road or not. Snow was everywhere. Those small white mountains, revealing glimpses of themselves in places, might be drifts that had gathered, might be hedges that were covered: no human being could tell. The poor horses, panting and laboring, tossed their heads to the reins, and tried to shake themselves free: but the leaders would not go forward of their own accord, and to urge them might be death.

"It ain't of no use, Jim," spoke the driver from the depth of his many-folded comforter. "We can't go on."

The window on the right was suddenly let down and a gentleman's head, enveloped in a purple silk handkerchief, was thrust out.

"What's the matter?"

"We can't get on, sir," replied the guard, treading his way to the window.

"Not get on?"

"The snow apparently have been very heavy here, sir. The horses can't make their way in it. It's coming down now as thick as ever I saw it, getting worse with every minute."

The startling news aroused the whole of the inside passengers. There were four: three gentlemen and a lady. As many of the four heads as could come out at the windows came out, their faces in various phases of consternation.

"We must get on, guard!" cried a voice of authority. And the speaker was Squire Orde.

"I can't see how it's to be done, sir," civilly returned the man. "The leaders won't move of their own accord; and we don't know that we are in the road."

"But we *must* get on. To-morrow is Christmas-eve. And I—I—I have engagements that I cannot break," pursued Squire Orde.

"To-day's Christmas-eve, sir," corrected the guard: "morning have been in some time. But we can't get on, sir, any the more for that."

"Whereabouts are we?" was heard from a passenger who was unable to get his head out.

"Not such a great sight off Chipping Norton," was the lucid answer. "Half-way, may-be. Wish we had stopped at Woodstock! The ostler said it would be a wonder if we got on."

"What is to be done, coachman?" roared out the questioner, at the top of his voice. "What is to be done?"

"Nothing—so far as he see," was the coachman's equable reply. "If he tried to force the animals on, it might result in a upset down a precipice, and cost 'em their lives."

An effort was attempted. The guard and one of the passengers went to the heads of the leaders; and for a little space and with great caution way was made. But they appeared to be getting deeper into the snow; the coachman's decided opinion was that they had lost the road; and there appeared to be nothing for it but to wait, in the best manner they could, until morning light. None of the passengers ever forgot that night: it is still spoken of in Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire.

When day dawned it was found that the coachman's conjecture was correct. They were off the road: and how they had penetrated without accident to the place where they found themselves, was a marvel. The snow fell incessantly; getting on was perfectly out of the question; but by dint of exertion and perseverance they managed to reach a lone farmhouse, and there man and beast obtained the most welcome rest and shelter that any of them had ever enjoyed.

I must beg you to note the days—for there was a singular romance attached to this detention of the mail and its passengers. This was Christmas-eve, Saturday; Christmas-day that year falling on Sunday. Of all the passengers, the one showing most irritation of the delay was Squire Orde; he had urgent business awaiting him, he said, in Worcestershire. Very true: but had the business involved life or death, he could not any the more contend with the elements, when they were against him. He had been to London on matters connected with the settling of property on his daughter's marriage; and in the breast-pocket of his coat he bore the wedding license. On the following Tuesday, the day but one after Christmas-day, she was to become the wife of Captain Jarvis Clavering.

All Saturday, all Sunday, all Monday were the prisoners detained. Squire Orde bore it badly. The only lady of the party, merry and cheerful-hearted, laughed at him good-humoredly, saying that the adventure was agreeable, rather than otherwise, and would serve them to talk of for their whole remaining life. Mr. Orde at length disclosed the reason of his impatience to his fellow-prisoners: his daughter could not be married without him. They allowed the plea: but they were unable to speed him on. It happened that all the passengers were unconnected with each other. The farmer feasted them right royally with his turkeys on Christmas-day, and on the Monday they sat round the fire and played at cards. So prolonged and heavy a snow-storm had not been known in the country for years and years.

Tuesday morning. Squire Orde was the first to look anxiously out at the door. It was the wedding-day—or ought to have been—and he was nearly rampant. As an imprisoned bird flutters his wings against the bars of his cruel cage, vainly endeavoring to escape from it, so was it with Mr. Orde. He chafed, he fretted, he fumed; all to as little purpose as the caged bird: neither the one nor the other could break his fetters. What mattered it to him though the storm on this morning was abating; the weather giving speedy signs of breaking up? Had the roads been rendered at once, by some marvel, clear as a bowling-green, he could not have reached home in time; no, not by the help of the fleetest horse. And now Mr. Orde's patience was destined to receive the final and worst blow. By night—Tuesday night—the main road became traversable for coaches. The mail that left London that evening passed on its way, and reached Worcester in the morning: but this mail, ill fated Mr. Orde's mail, was still a prisoner. The half-mile of route necessary to get from the farmer's house to the main road; that little bit of cross-grained route, partly lane, partly ploughed field, was as yet impassable. Squire Orde could have beaten half the world in his helpless despair.

And at his home? Things were in no better state there. Of late, indeed, they had not been in a very bright state at any time, for Millicent Orde had unaccountably lost her health and spirits, although she was on the eve of marriage. For ten long months, up to the previous November, had she held out against Captain Clavering and his fascinations: but she succumbed then; yielding in very weariness. Captain Clavering had passed the year at Beechhurst. In January he had proposed to Squire Orde for Millicent: and Millicent had rejected him. This was followed by his selling out of the army. Lady Lydia regretted it at the Hall, this selling out, with tears in her eyes: but young men would be young men, she observed, and his love for dear Millicent was such that he could not live away from her. To be near her, to be now and again in her society, he took Tom Clavering's place at Beechhurst, managing the estate for Sir Bede, who was visibly aging day by day: and making himself so great a favorite with that old man, altogether so indispensable, that—Lady Lydia whispered the news—all the property, not entailed, no inconsiderable amount, Sir Bede had resolved to bequeath to him.

He was a good-looking man, popular in the county, and he made the most of his attractions. Mothers, far and near, courted Captain Clavering; daughters ran wild to get from him only a look. He was the fashion; and that, in a country place, is a great deal. But he had only eyes and ears for Millicent; his sweetest words, his smiles, his fascinations altogether were lavished upon *her*. Squire Orde had looked coolly on his proposals at first: fashion, good looks, good family, irreproachable name (and, for all the squire or anybody else suspected, the captain's was irreproachable,) devoted love, though good things in their way, do not entirely compensate for lack of money, and it was well known that Captain Clavering had not very much. Still, if Millicent made up her mind to have him, the squire would not say nay: his daughter had plenty. And so the year had gone on: the captain ever near her; but so kind and gentle were his attentions, so unobtrusive his claims, that she felt half ashamed even tacitly to show that she rejected him. And then stepped in Lady Lydia with her whisper of Sir Bede's intentions; and the squire and Mrs. Orde were converted from indifferent spectators into active partisans.

Of Tom Clavering nothing had been heard. He was supposed to be in some remote district of Irish bog, working out his sins. Beechhurst never spoke of him. Its head, perhaps, dared not: even Squire Orde had been converted into an enemy of Tom's, and would not hear a word of regret for him; stopped his ears if Sir Bede ever ventured on one. But it was hardly right of the squire to allow his daughter to think that Tom's ill-doings had been proved against him, including the theft of the farmer's half-year's rent. Self-interest renders us blind to the right; and Mr. Orde was very near incurring a life-long punishment as a reward for his deceit. Millicent had fought against the conviction as long as she could; but Lady Lydia was at hand, and there was ever some little whispered proof, mentioned incidentally, to testify to his baseness. In November—constant dropping will wear away a stone—she yielded to her fate, and accepted Captain Clavering. Accepted him listlessly, her conscience all the while smiting her of sin; for down deep in her heart lingered the image of that scapegoat Tom Clavering; and in spite of her prayers, her tears, her strivings, she could not thrust him forth. "I may be able to forget him when once I am married," she said to herself over and over again, "and—as good marry Jarvis Clavering as any other." Sir Bede was delighted; he had always liked Millicent; and the match was hurried on by Lady Lydia and her son.

It was fixed for the Tuesday after Christmas-day, and the Hall, as might be expected, was in a commotion of preparation. The commotion was not lessened at the unexpected and unexplained non-return of its master. Alarm subsided when it became known that the London coaches, including the mail, had not been able to reach Worcester, from the quantity of snow which had fallen somewhere upon the road. Reports came of "mountains" of snow in the low-lying lands around Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

To Millicent it seemed a miserable Christmas-day. She and her mother dined at home, Captain Clavering their only visitor. Two lady guests of the previous year could not get to them for the snow. There was no dinner company at Beechhurst; Sir Bede had had a slight attack, some sort of seizure; he was in bed, and the house kept quiet. Millicent felt wretched; try as she would, she was unable to rally her spirits; a weight, as of impending evil, was upon her; and had the coming Tuesday been to witness her hanging instead of her wedding, she could not have looked forward to it in a more gloomy spirit. She recalled the happiness of the last Christmas, and a half groan burst from her lips; the contrast between that day and this was so great. *Then* she had wondered whether things could ever look cloudy again; *now* the secret cry of her heart was—could they ever look bright? Ah! should not experience have taught her a lesson? *That* unclouded brightness had all too soon faded into the darkness of night; might not the present darkness clear itself into day?

When Monday came and did not bring Mr. Orde, the Hall was in real consternation. Captain Clavering protested most strongly against the marriage being delayed, even though Tuesday should not bring the squire, but Mrs. Orde replied that there was no marriage license—the squire was bringing it with him. Early on Tuesday morning, while it was yet dark, Captain Clavering rode into Worcester, and was back again at ten with a license. He found some of the wedding guests assembled; to some—those within reach—Mrs. Orde had sent, saying there would be no marriage that day. She had also sent to the clergyman.

"It is cruel, cruel," Captain Clavering said to Mrs. Orde—and his agitation, which was evident, seemed to speak volumes for the depth of his love. "There is no impediment now; and perhaps by the time we are in church Mr. Orde may be here, for the weather is breaking. *Don't* put off the wedding; it always brings ill luck. Why is not Millicent dressed?"

Mrs. Orde looked at her, seeming to ask—or so Millicent interpreted it—what should be the decision.

"No, no," she spoke—and in her accent there was a sound of fear—"not without papa. I will not be married in this uncertainty. He may not be safe."

Captain Clavering gave vent to an angrily contemptuous word "Safe!" But he recollected himself on the instant, and implored Millicent not to persist in her decision, not to invoke ill-luck upon their union. She shook her head; she was very firm; it almost seemed to the annoyed fancy of the captain that she was glad of the respite. Lady Lydia Clavering came to the rescue; not attacking the decision of Millicent, but of Mrs. Orde.

"Dear Lady Lydia you ask an impossibility. I hinted to Captain Clavering yesterday that the settlements were not signed; cannot be until the arrival of Mr. Orde; and now you force me to speak out. Were it Millicent's own wish that the ceremony should be solemnised, I could not accede to it. She cannot marry before the completion of the settlements."

Mrs. Orde spoke very decisively. She had of course right on her side; and there was nothing more to be said. It would only be the putting off the wedding for a day, everybody agreed; now that the weather was breaking, a few hours would no doubt bring the squire. Captain Clavering, terribly glumpy, had to submit, but he did it with a bad grace.

Wednesday morning came. It did not bring Mr. Orde; and this seemed the more astonishing from the fact that some of the delayed coaches got in; the Royal Mail especially, which left the Bull and Mouth only the previous night at its usual hour, arrived without difficulty. But if Mr. Orde did not make his appearance, somebody else, who must be taken as pertaining to this history, did. One of the passengers by the mail—the mail which met with no delay and was only its customary allotted time doing the journey—went off at once to Beechhurst. Drinking off a half glass of spirits and water at the Star, in lieu of breakfast, which he was in too great a hurry to wait for, he chartered a gig and drove to Beechhurst. And as soon as he got there he arrested Jarvis Clavering, gentleman and ex-captain.

It was for a very large sum, and it was of no use to fight against it. Fate is stronger than we are. The arrest was accomplished too publicly, and the news went about with a whirr. Sir Bede might have bailed him out had he been in a state to do it; but he was lying partially insensible. The heir, Bede Clavering, and his brother were not in the country; no one was at Beechhurst but the barrister, Reginald.

"You will give bail for me, Regi?" cried the crest-fallen captain, who felt as though he would very much like to shoot somebody, perhaps himself.

"Couldn't take it," interposed the gruff voice of the capturer. "Couldn't take nobody's undertaking except Sir Bede's."

"Neither could I give it if he would, Jarvis," was Reginald's answer. "I am not in a position to take a debt upon me that might be an incubus for my lifetime. I plod on, making a living by dint of hard work; but I am just as poor as you are."

"It will stop my marriage," breathed Jarvis. "I have only looked to that to save me from the gulf. Those cursed roads! but for Orde's delay I should be now in safety. You might stretch a point for me, Reginald."

"I have shown you that I can't," returned the prudent brother. "Neither could I lend myself to such a fraud upon the Ordes. They ought to know the truth. If you were in this state of debt, how could you think of marrying?"

"Hold your cant," cried the exasperated prisoner.

Deep was Squire Orde's astonishment when he reached home on the Wednesday night to have this little item of news whispered into his ear by his wife, amidst the congratulations for his safety. Captain Clavering arrested! taken off a prisoner to London. Captain Clavering, who but for those heavy snow drifts would now be his son-in-law! Squire Orde turned hot and cold—and set himself to learn all he could learn.

What an escape it was! The captain was in debt thick and three-fold; and how he had managed to stave off the evil day so long was a mystery. The proceeds of his commission, which he was forced to sell, had been a stopgap at the time, and Lady Lydia had helped him all she could since. The indignant squire found that his daughter's money was indeed needed: and, to crown the whole, the captain's antecedents did not show themselves free from tarnish on other matters.

"What an escape!" aspirated the squire in solemn thankfulness. "And I—God forgive me!—murmured rebelliously at that delay in the snow-storm, little thinking that it was saving my child! Perhaps God sent it expressly in His love for her!"

She—Millicent—was as one released from a weight of despair. She warbled about the house like a free bird. The lightness came back to her step, the color to her cheeks; it seemed as if some special happiness had suddenly descended on her heart from Heaven.

She could not have liked him," cried the wondering squire.

"She did not," said Mrs. Orde. "She liked Tom Clavering too well to like him."

And the squire frowned a hideous frown at the unwelcome name.

Real grief fell on Beechhurst in February. Awful grief. While Lady Lydia was praying her heart out for the restoration of Sir Bede—who was still lying incapable, unable to write, or very well to understand what he was wanted to write; and her son, the gallant captain, was in consequence unrescued from his miserable prison, news arrived of the death of the two brothers, Bede, the heir and his brother Charley. They had been drowned in one of the Scottish lakes. A pleasure party of ten set sail in the brightness of the early spring morning, and but two of them lived to land again. Bede and Charles Clavering were amidst the drowned.

Lady Lydia was as one stunned. Oh, if her best-beloved son, Jarvis, could but be there; to take as it were Bede's place with the old man, to establish himself firmly at Beechhurst! That horrible prison! Reginald had hastened down—but who was he?

"Send for him; send for him!" moaned Sir Bede, upon whom the unhappy news had struck as with a death-blow.

"I *can't* send for him," bewailed Lady Lydia, dropping hot tears. "That is, it's of no use my sending: he could not come. He is in the King's Bench, Sir Bede. I have told you so every day for these two months."

Sir Bede looked up with questioning eyes.

"Not he, not Jarvey," he said, when understanding dawned upon him; "I don't want him, my lady. I want my own boy; my heir, Tom."

"Tom!" shrieked Lady Lydia. "*Tom* the heir! Tom!"

"Of course he is the heir, mother," put in Reginald. "He must come. What are you thinking of? I wrote for him before I left London."

"He never shall come! he never shall be the heir!" returned my lady in a storm of passion. "I won't recognize him as such. I'll not receive him at Beechhurst."

Reginald Clavering wondered whether grief was turning his mother's brain. "Tom is the heir in the face of man and the country," he quietly said. "Exercise your common sense, mother. A few days—I see it in his face," he added, dropping his voice as he indicated Sir Bede; "and Tom will not be the heir, but the master of Beechhurst."

She sank down on a low chair with a desperate cry. Was *this* to be the ending? Had she schemed, and plotted, and toiled underhandedly all these long years only for this? Even so. For once right had been stronger than might, and had come out triumphant.

The squire and his daughter were sitting together at the Hall a few days afterwards, in the dusk of the evening, talking in a subdued tone of the fresh trouble that had fallen on Beechhurst that day, when the sound of a visitor was heard in the hall. The squire supposed it was Reginald, who often came in; but *her* ear was quicker; *her* ear had recognized the voice and footstep: and her heart beat as though it would burst its bounds.

"It's Reginald, I think," remarked the squire, as a servant opened the room door.

Not Reginald, not any one so short and slight; but a tall, fine, commanding man was he who came in; his unconscious step the step of a chieftain, and a sweet smile upon his fair Saxon face. The squire peered at him in the dusk, not recognizing him; and then peered at the man who was showing him in.

"Sir Tom Clavering."

Aye, it was he; the *master* of Beechhurst. Reginald had been right in his fears, and poor stricken Sir Bede had passed away. That same day, before Tom's arrival, the bell had tolled out for him.

"His last word was of love for you, Tom," said the squire. "I believe he never cared for anybody as he cared for you."

Tom Clavering tried to speak, but his voice was husky. "I wish I could have got here in time!" was all he said. "He did not love me more than I loved him."

"You are the heir to all, Sir Tom," observed the squire, after a pause. "It's a vast deal: the two poor lads were not of age, you know, and Sir Bede inherited. He did not make a will: he talked of doing it often, of leaving legacies to different people; but he never did it—Lady Lydia and her children have nothing."

"I'll make it all right for everybody," said Tom, with his warm-hearted smile. "And what about myself, squire?" he continued, the smile becoming broader. "Am I still looked upon as a wicked scapegoat, with a peck of general sins on my shoulders?"

The squire's voice was rather subdued as he answered; his countenance somewhat crestfallen. "Tom, I don't think that anybody believed ought against you in their consciences: even Lady Lydia. Sir Bede would have had you home again as soon as you left, had he dared. As to that bag of money that disappeared—"

"Never mind about the bag of money," interrupted Sir Tom.

"I was going to say that I have now a very nasty suspicion about that," persisted the squire. "A day or two ago, in talking with Cole, the farrier, he hinted that he knew how it went; he had seen somebody in the room that night; and he said that you knew of it, for he had written to Bristol to tell you. What do you know?"

"Never mind," repeated Tom. "We will let bygones be bygones."

"I suspect it was Jarvis Clavering. You may trust me, Tom, I shall be as careful of his reputation as you. Cole—he's a trusty man, too—says it *was* him. He saw him at the escritoire as he passed the window. Have you known it all along?"

"I have known that Captain Clavering was in the room. As Sir Bede went out at one door, I flung out at the glass doors, I'm afraid in a passion, and came upon Jarvis Clavering, looking in. He murmured some excuse, which I did not wait to hear, and he passed into the room. Later, after I had seen you at Bristol, I got a letter from Cole, who must have been passing the window directly afterwards. It seems Cole took up a notion that I was suspected, and he wrote to tell me he had seen somebody else at the escritoire. I wrote back and silenced him. What did it matter? I knew that *Sir Bede* would not suspect me; nor would any one else that I cared for. For the rest, my back was a tolerably broad one in those days: the appropriating of a little money, when I was starting out to see the world, was but a trifling addition to its hump."

"How forgiving you are, Tom!"

"It is in my nature to be so, sir; I don't take credit for it. Let bygones be bygones in all ways," he emphatically added, rising and grasping the squire's hand. "For my part, I mean henceforth to believe that the bag never vanished at all; except in poor Sir Bede's imagination. I hope to do all I can for everybody: I hope to welcome Jarvis to Beechhurst ere the funeral: Reginald goes up to-night to release him."

"Tom, we have never known you; never valued you!"

"Then I hope you will value me all the more for the future," answered Sir Tom, laughing. "May I see Millicent?" he pointedly added. "She ran away when I came in."

"Go and look for her. Ah me, how blind we have been. Tom, my dear nephew, I trust you'll forgive me! I worked against you with her just as much as the rest did."

In the adjoining room, cowering before the fire on the hearth-rug, her hands hiding her face, her head bent on her knees, was Millicent. She started up as Sir Tom Clavering came in; she put up her hands in deprecation of his anger; she felt faint in her heartsickness of shame and repentance. He said not a syllable of reproach; he clasped her in his arms and held her to his heart; he laid his cheek soothingly upon hers.

"Oh, Tom, Tom! I—"

"Hush, my child! I will not let you breathe a word of excuse to me. I know how it was. The battle against you waged fiercely; you held out as long as your strength allowed, and then yielded in very weariness. It is all over now, and I am here to claim and protect you. My darling!—my darling!"

As she lay peacefully on his breast, crying happy tears, the remembrance of the recent Christmas-day, covered with darkness as a pall, flashed over her; and her whole spirit went up in thankfulness to God. How *soon* it had become light!

My friends! Dark days have passed for some of us. They will dawn again. Days when we look yearningly into the far corners of the wide earth for a gleam of comfort, and look in vain; there's not a ray in the sunless sky, not a star in the black, over-shadowing firmament. But above this dreary earth, higher than that leaden sky, is HEAVEN. *There* sits One who sees our cares, hears our sighs, pities our tears; and who will surely, in His own good time—it may be very near—cause the darkness to merge away in bright and loving light. Let us ever trust in Him!

Washington Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

Washington is greatly changed since I was here four years ago; then all around it was one great camp, and every part of it was crowded with soldiers, the streets were full of them, the stores were full of them, they crowded you in the Capitol and stared you out of countenance—if you were a pretty woman. Everywhere now mild looking civilians, brisk Congressmen, and seedy lobby members predominate largely over the military element. Occasionally a squad of soldiers remind you of the terrible war just past, and before the Secretaries' houses the sentinels that pace up and down on perpetual guard recall with a thrill the horrible tragedy of last spring.

Everyone is complaining that the season is thus far so dull.

"Oh, dear," said my gay little friend Stella, "I am afraid I never shall have a chance to wear all the lovely dresses I brought with me."

However she had an opportunity of sporting one on last Friday night at the Naval ball at Annapolis. And from her account, I will send you a few items of description. It was given by the senior class of cadets in the Naval Academy. For the occasion, the mess hall was tastefully decorated with flags and arms, and an especial amount of care seemed to have been bestowed upon the chalking of the floor, where various fantastic devices showed cupid making very successful war upon the midshipmen.

Admiral and Mrs. David Porter did the honors of the cheerful occasion. Several generals from Washington were present—General Price, and Lieutenant commanders Alden and Reynolds. The supper was served in one of the recitation rooms, and was well supplied with all the delicacies—except whiskey and champagne. "There was nothing to drink!" as some of the gentlemen complained; but for my part I think it a very good omission.

Miss Kate Stoughton seems to have been considered the belle of the occasion—a graceful, fascinating dancer; the future navigators were constantly steering their way towards her, as if she were the irresistible magnet they were forced to obey.

There was, however, a bevy of beauties from Washington and Baltimore too numerous to mention, though perhaps I must make an exception in favor of Mrs. Crossman, wife of Lieut. Crossman, whose dress of crimson silk, covered with exquisite lace, was the most elegant there.

The German commenced after supper at one o'clock and was kept up until six. Mrs. Admiral Porter lead it, and the whole affair was a most brilliant success. I imagine there were a good many tired young people the next day. I know that Stella was so worn out that she could not even tell me about it until morning.

This has been the sole gayety since I arrived. The Cabinet receptions only began last Wednesday, and Chase's on Saturday.

The ladies at the White House too are in mourning. Mrs. Johnson is so great an invalid that she remains in the strictest seclusion. Mrs. Stover is comparatively recently a widow, and Mrs. Patterson is also in mourning. On New Year's day this lady wore a black velvet, and Mrs. Stover a heavy black silk. Rich as the dresses were there must have been something mournful in their funereal darkness. For the present there is almost no visiting at the White House on account of the repairs which are taking place, at a very bad time of year, as all good housekeepers would say. Perhaps the two ladies are glad of an excuse for quiet as they both have young children, so that there are more little people at the White House than for a long time before.

On Saturday I was out making calls. Shall I give you a description of some of them? I went first to pay my respects to Mrs. Wayne. Judge Wayne has perhaps more courtly grace of bearing and elegance of manner than any other of the dignified gentlemen who grace the Supreme bench; his staunch loyalty during the rebellion, despite his Southern birth, entitles him to the honor of all true men. Mrs. Wayne is a lady of very sprightly and kindly manners, and a visit to their house is always pleasant. They live on J street, near 14th, in an English basement house, the lower half of which only rejoices in a brown stone front.

I next called on Mrs. Ogle Taylor. Mr. Taylor is one of the old residents of Washington, and though somewhat of a looser by the rebellion, his handsome house on the Presidents' Square is still one of the most elegant in the city. His dinner parties have always been celebrated as the most *recherché* ever given here.

To Willard's hotel to visit Mrs. Foster, the wife of the present Vice President, who occupies a handsome suite of rooms there. This lady was Miss Martha Tyman of Connecticut, a beautiful representative of a beautiful race, her four sisters being each almost as handsome as herself. Tall and stately in figure, with brown eyes and a rich complexion, her own attractions would command ready homage aside from her husband's high position.

My next call was on Mrs. Eames. She lives in rather an odd-looking brick house, with a very high flight of granite steps leading up to it, with a steep, rather awkward ascent on a windy day. Her husband has been for many years a prominent lawyer here. She, herself, as Mary E. Eames, is quite a well-known writer of short stories and sprightly letters. Her weekly receptions have always been among the most brilliant in Washington from the number of distinguished men one was sure to meet there.

My last visit was to Mrs. Boyer, the wife of your representative from Norristown. She is at a boarding-house on Nineteenth street, probably about as good as the average Washington boarding-houses. But let me tell you that this lady is one of the prettiest women here this season. Her blonde hair and blue eyes are well known to many of your residents, and have already attracted a great deal of admiration here.

This is an afternoon in Washington. How shall I describe a morning? To-day Stella and I went up to the Capitol. We went first to the Senate chamber, and I think Stella was rather inclined to be impressed, never before having witnessed the deliberations of the Conscript Fathers.

The room was so empty it seemed as if there was scarcely a quorum. There was, however, for they were going on with some routine business. Mr. Foster was in the chair. He is a tall, thin man, very bald, with a fringe of reddish-brown hair around his head, and a heavy moustache of the same hue, a strongly marked face with deep-set dark eyes. He was dressed in a suit of light gray, which struck me as being rather light for the season. When we went in Mr. Chandler of Michigan was presenting petitions, &c. He is a tall man, with brown hair, lightly streaked with gray, a pleasant face and very heavy beard worn square across the chin.

Then Mr. Anthony of Rhode Island presented the petition of some widow and orphans for relief, and appeared generally in a philanthropic light. He is considered one of the handsomest men in the Senate. He has heavy iron gray hair and beard, and very regular features, and being a bachelor is rather regarded as the beau Senator.

After this Mr. Clark of New Hampshire brought forward the bill of some poor man who had lost his appropriation for redress last session on account of some informality in the wording of the document. This bill was read, and then Mr. Foster said,

"Those in favor of this bill will say aye, those opposed to it will say no."

Nobody said anything, but on the contrary the Senators went on writing and talking as if they had not heard a word.

"Ayes have it!" said the Vice-President, without the pause of a second; "the bill is passed!"

Immediately after this some one proposed that they adjourn, and this motion seeming to meet with unusual approbation, they all went away.

"Lazy men!" exclaimed Stella indignantly; "why they have not been here twenty minutes!"

However, they seemed to think they had done enough for one day, so we came away also.

BENNIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LUCRETIUS.

The subject of this sketch was a lad eight years of age, the youngest son of a widow, who loved him with that fondness which the last of her offspring, and the representative of the father in name and feature, would naturally induce in the heart of a mother, whose marked characteristic was a strong love for her children. It is said that love is blind; and in this instance her affection was disposed to draw the veil over faults that were apparent to others, and would have been to her, in any other person than this darling boy. The elder sister would frequently say to her:

"I think Bennie does not always tell the truth; he sometimes exaggerates, and he has so strong a spirit of contradiction, that without thought he is often betrayed into a falsehood; and because he has asserted a thing, has not the courage to retract it when he discovers himself that it is an untruth."

But the mother afflicted with blindness which love alone can give to open sight, with that too frequent opthalmia of love, had not perceived it, and promised for the good of her child to watch closely for the defect.

A few days of observation served to convince even her that there was a certain antagonism in his nature which repelled instantly any charge made against him, without scarcely waiting to know what the accusation was; and a little incident, which occurred shortly after, confirmed the truth of the sister's remark, that it sometimes betrayed him into a falsehood.

"Bennie, you have not brushed your teeth, nor your hair," said his eldest sister, as he took his seat at the family breakfast one cold, winter morning.

"Yes, I have," was his reply.

"Bennie, you have not," was the sister's rejoinder; and one glance at the child's head would seem to indicate the truth of her assertion. There it was, hair awry, "every which way," scarcely two hairs lying together with any brotherly affinity, except immediately over the brow, where there was some pretence to smoothness. The mother's quick eye caught sight of certain little beads of water nestled in the crown of the head, and judging from a knowledge of her child's disposition to shirk his toilet on a frosty morning, she was satisfied that he had so far performed his morning duties as in his own estimation to consider that done which he was charged with not having done. The consequence was, that while Bennie was reproved for not making himself more tidy on rising, and instructed that the mere pretence of doing a thing was not the act itself, his sister received a reprimand for making positive charges against any one, and reiterating them without absolute knowledge.

She could have said, "Bennie, I think you have not combed your hair, nor brushed your teeth;" or when assured to the contrary, after the first accusation, she should have said mildly, "There is no appearance of either having been done," rather than to have irritated him by denunciation. But Bennie had not yet escaped the battery his sisters and brother planted for him. The guns were generally pointed towards him every morning. His youngest sister sent a brisk charge, "that if he had combed his hair, he had not cleaned his teeth." In return for which came Bennie's reply, instanter—ramrod and cartridge. At this juncture his brother, who had been sitting quietly opposite to him, sent home a direct shot which brought him down, humbled and crestfallen.

"Bennie, where was your toothbrush? It was not in the room where you dressed."

Now indeed, he was levelled; there was no escape from the lie, for an article can not be used, and at the same time be out of reach of being used. Bennie's countenance suffused with a blush, as he saw his guilt reflected in the mirror of his brother's truthfulness. Nothing more was said; silence prevailed; the mother was grieved, but preferred to wait for a private interview; the brother and sister could not trample upon him in his discomfiture, nor upbraid him with his guilt when he became sensible of it himself, therefore he was left in company with his own meanness, and that companion being a sneak—he sneaked away with him.

Some weeks after when the breakfast scene had faded like a dream, Bennie went to his mother's room, and as was his wont began to open his budget of news, or relate his grievances while his hand was yet upon the knob of the door, and before the door had scarce turned on its hinges. Flushed with excitement, his boots bespattered with mud, his head-piece knocked into a cocked hat, and breathless with haste, he exclaims—

"Oh, mother! there has been such an awful accident, the cars have broken through Hackensack bridge, the boiler has bursted, and I saw legs and arms up in the air coming down; there were men out in boats picking up the people, and the river was black with the timbers, and the people—"

"Why, Bennie, how dreadful!" was the mother's exclamation in turn. "How did all this happen?"

But Bennie did not know, and away he slipped as the mother presumed, to the place of disaster. Not doubting the correctness of the information, and not encountering any one to controvert the tale, she repeated the same at a friend's house—while making an afternoon visit. As it afterwards transpired, there had been an accident through the carelessness of a draw-bridge being left open; but the train being an early and local one, it was freighted with few passengers—none of whom sustained any injury, but one man, who was drowned—and the bridge remained intact as before. True there had been an accident, but it was trifling compared with the description.

Imagine the chagrin of the mother when she learned the bombast,—and had given circulation to the inflated style. Bennie did not escape this time without severe censure; on a strict cross-questioning—the mother found her child's imagination had been highly wrought upon by a play-fellow's description before repairing to the scene of the accident, and when there, he saw a few boats searching for the body of the drowned man; but the limbs in the air—and the mass of timbers in the water—which if they were a part of his informant's story, did not have the confirmation of his sight, as he stated. From that day Bennie was more careful in his statements; he saw the propriety of relating things as he saw them, not as he imagined them—and was made to feel that any departure from the truth, was wandering—into the department of lies.

If at any time he was disposed to exaggerate the truth, his family had ever at hand an extinguisher in the railroad story—the "arms and legs" were held over him in warning, and the simple suggestion of "how many?" was sufficient to make him drop his stilts.

☞ A woman's heart is the place for a man's likeness. Daguerreotype like, an instant gives the impression, but an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues dull. Sales about 6000 bbls, at $7,25@8 for low grade and good superfine, $8,50@9,25 for extras, $8,75@9,25 for spring wheat family, $9,50@10,50 for red wheat do., and $11@12,50 for white wheat family and fancy brands, as in quality. Of Buckwheat Meal, sales are reported at $4,50@4,75 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—Wheat meets with a limited demand. Sales 20,000 bush. at $1,90@2,10 for common to fair reds; $2,15@2,35 for good and choice do., and $2,50@2,75 for white. Rye is dull, at 95c@$1,05 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales 45,000 bush new yellow, at 80@86c, and old yellow at 87@90c. Oats—Sales 37,000 bus southern and Pennsylvania, at 50@52c.

PROVISIONS.—The stocks and receipts of the Hog product are light. Mess Pork are moving off in a retail way only at $28@29 for old, and about $30@31 for new. Western and city Mess Pork sells at $13@20 ₩ bbl, the latter for new. Beef Hams are worth $32@33. Lard is offered at 18¼@19c ₩ lb. Butter—Prime roll is selling at 40@45c, packed is quoted at 25@45c for common to choice. Cheese is steady at 17@20c. Eggs are quoted at 36@38c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The market is unsettled; with sales of 800 bales at 47@55c for low and good middlings.

BARK—1st No 1 Quercitron is held at $32½ ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet.

BEESWAX is offered at 47@48c ₩ lb.

COAL.—There is little or nothing doing. Schuylkill White Ash, lump ₩ ton, $8@8,75; Prepared do, $8@8,75; Red Ash, $8,75@9; Lehigh, lump, $9,00@9,50; Prepared, $9@9,50; by retail, do, $10@12; Schuylkill prepared, $9@11.

FEATHERS—Western are offered at 50c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Fruit sells at $3@6 for Apples, and $11@13½ ₩ bbl for Cranberries. Of dried Fruits the sales are limited and prices nearly nominal at 9@15c for Apples, and 17@23c for unpared Peaches.

HAY is firmer, at $14@18 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales at 35c to 65c for old and new.

IRON—The market is dull, and sales of Pig metal at $44@48 for Forge, and $49@51 for Foundry, the latter for good No. 1.

PLASTER is quiet but firm, at $4,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, with sales of 1500 bus at $6,50@8 as in quality, the latter for prime. Timothy, a small sale at $3,50 ₩ bus. Flaxseed is selling at $3,15 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $2,50@2,55. Whiskey sales at $2,37@2,39 for Penna and Western, and $2 25@2,26 for refilled bbls.

TALLOW—The market is inactive at 12½@13c ₩ lb for country and city rendered.

WOOL—There is less activity in the market. Prices range at 50@52c for common; 58@62c for quarter and half; 64@68c for three-quarter and full blood, and 70@75c for fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 17@18½c ₩ lb. 175 Cows brought from $35 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—9000 head were disposed of at from 7@8½ cts ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Consumption Cured by Inhalation.

TRIBUTE TO DRS. HUNTER AND RAMSAY.

We give publicity to the following letter, which was received by Drs. Hunter and Ramsay a few days ago, feeling sure that it will be read with unusual interest. Until the introduction of Medicated Inhalation into this country by these gentlemen, Consumption was considered a *necessarily* fatal disease, but the letter speaks for itself. As Drs. H. and R. are requested in a private note to hand the letter for publication to the leading papers in the city, they last night gave us a copy of the same:

To the Editor of the Sat. Eve. Post.

SIR:—About two years since I noticed that I became fatigued sooner than formerly, the slightest exertion rendering me almost completely out of breath. Shortly after this I observed a slight hacking cough gradually stealing upon me; but as it annoyed me for only a short time morning and evening, it did not attract my serious attention till towards spring, when I became convinced that the *shortness of breath* and *cough* were rapidly growing worse. Only a few years ago I lost two brothers and a sister from Consumption. Under these circumstances is it any wonder that I felt alarmed? I sent for my family physician (a man in whose skill I had the greatest confidence), who, after a careful and seemingly thorough examination, pronounced it a "slight attack of Bronchitis," for which he prescribed. His remedies gave me temporary relief; but, in a few months, it became only too apparent that I was rapidly failing, and I could deceive myself no longer. At this time I had chills, fever, cough and night-sweats, with profuse expectoration, and was greatly emaciated. At first I raised a white tenacious mucus; next a fatty substance, with cheesy particles, like peas, mixed with it; afterwards a deep yellow matter, occasionally of a pinkish hue, and not unfrequently mixed with blood.

I had now become very much reduced in flesh and strength, and as each succeeding day showed but an aggravation of all my symptoms, my physician, whom I pressed for a candid and honest statement of my case, reluctantly confessed "that I was *in the last stage of Consumption without the remotest chance of recovery; that I was beyond the reach of medicine, and in a few months at farthest must die.*" I think I am of a hopeful disposition, for even this positive sentence did not entirely discourage me. I sent for several of the most eminent physicians in the city, but none of them gave me the least encouragement. In fact, all agreed that I was in the *last* stage of Consumption. In the spring, again, I hoped to improve, but, alas! I found myself too weak even to walk out in my garden. I then determined, in spite of the opposition of my friend, and medical attendant, Dr. W'r, to send for Drs. Hunter and Ramsay.

Next day, Dr. Ramsay (his partner, Dr. Hunter being away) called; he examined me thoroughly, and then, in the gentlest manner possible, explained to me that my lungs were fearfully diseased—that, in a word, there was little hope; but he added, "I can cheer you by saying that I have *relieved many as bad as you are* by Medicated Inhalation—in fact, I have *cured some*; but do not be too sanguine, for I fear, greatly fear, that your case is hopeless." But drowning men catch at straws, and I asked him to prescribe for me and visit me as often as he could find time. He did so, and for six weeks Dr. Ramsay himself came every other day to see me. At first, there was little or no improvement; at last, two months from the day on which I commenced Inhaling, Dr. Ramsay, after a more thorough examination than usual, said, "Mr. Gresham, in two months more (as far as I can judge) you will be out of all danger." Three months, or a little over, from that time, I felt myself as strong and hearty a man as I ever did. It is now over two months since I gave up my Inhaling; my cough, fever and night-sweats have disappeared, and I have gained in weight thirty-two pounds.

Thousands are dying in the United States and Canada of Bronchitis and Consumption every year, and yet, of all the physicians we have among us, only two or three make these diseases a specialty, and treat them by Inhalation—a system that recommends itself to the common sense of every thinking individual, and the only one, in my estimation by which these diseases can be reached or cured. And that Consumption can be cured, even in the last stage, after the lungs have ulcerated and broken down, is to me no longer a matter of doubt. It has been, indeed, demonstrated satisfactorily to me, and I feel certain that, if it had not been for Drs. Hunter and Ramsay, I should be in the grave to-day.

I may add that I give this statement of my case unsolicited; I do so, not only because I feel it my duty to my fellow-sufferers, but because I also wish to assist, by every means in my power, those gentlemen to whom I owe a debt of gratitude that I can never hope to repay, and whose prosperity and success is ever the great wish of my life. Any person wishing to have farther particulars can write to me here, and I shall only be too happy to answer every query that they can put to me.

Yours, obediently,

A. LOUNT GRESHAM.

TORONTO, Canada West, Jan. 4, 1866.

LARGE PROFITS can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St., Boston. jan20-6t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—In a multitude of Counsellors there is Wisdom—is rather a questionable axiom in the treatment of *diphtheria, sore throat, &c.* A drowning man will catch at a straw, and a suffering man will swallow the first remedy he thinks will relieve him—the chances are, however, that both will perish. Opinions among medical men differ as to the nature and remedy for this inflammatory affection of the throat—fulfilling the maxim touching culinary manipulations. While doctors are torturing their victims, Holloway's remedies go straight to the disease; the Ointment checks the inflammation of the throat, and the Pills cool the blood and allay the fever. In all diseases of the throat these medicines are equally safe and rapid.

Sold by all Druggists.

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

A CHICAGO bootblack accosted a returned soldier with the usual salutation—"Black your boots, sir? make 'em shine?" Looking at his unpolished "gun-boats" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do; fall in promptly, though." The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his "leathers" upwards, and then turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend us a hand, won't yer? I've got an army contract."

JULES JARED'S
"EMAIL DE PARIS"
FOR IMPARTING BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, CHARMNESS AND SOFTNESS TO THE SKIN.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

The secret of beautifying the skin being known only to JULES JARED, he honorably states that it differs from all other skin preparations, being perfectly innocent, producing the most brilliant complexion, and giving a soft, even texture to the skin, like that of an infant, without presenting the least meretricious appearance. The agents of the "Email" have received many letters concerning its merits, from ladies and gentlemen of high standing in social life, but the restraints of private life forbid their publication. They have, therefore, been constrained to limit these testimonials to the letters of ladies whose names are already before the public for their talents and genius, among whom are M'lle Felicita Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other distinguished and high-toned lady artistes in the United States:

PHILADELPHIA, November 20, 1864.

JULES JARED & Co. GENTLEMEN:—I have received, and, with entire satisfaction, used the "Email de Paris." Compelled, as I am, to the use of powders as stage requirements, I find that the "Email" produces all the brilliancy of rouge and lily-white, with the great and peculiar advantage of total harmlessness. It really adds to the softness and smoothness of the skin, without conveying the slightest meretricious idea.

I have no hesitation in recommending it to the profession and the public. And so, believe me, with thanks, Yours truly, LUCILLE WESTERN.

L'Email de Paris is no vulgar paste, paint, powder, or stain, but a most delicious preparation, which, by its healthful and purifying effect, brings forth freshness, color and beauty, giving both the complexion and texture of polished ivory to the skin. Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., below Chestnut, Agent for "L'Email de Paris." Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Importers, Philadelphia.

CANCERS CURED.

CANCERS CURED without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.
Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
nov4-3m No. 27 Bond Street, New York.

To Restore Gray Hair, Stop its Falling,
MAKE IT GROW ON BALD HEADS, &c., use

"London"	Gray	"Hair Color	Does Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Hair	"Hair Color	not Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	Changed	"Hair Color	Stain Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Restorer."
"London"	without	"Hair Color	or soil Restorer."
"London"		"Hair Color	Any- Restorer."
"London"	Dyeing.	"Hair Color	thing. Restorer."

Apart from its coloring qualities, it is a delightful dressing, perfectly cleanly and fragrantly perfumed; does not stain the skin a particle, or soil the finest cambric. *Irritation*, Scurf, Dandruff or Itching Scalp it cures effectually.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
dec9-eowtf

"GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."—The worst diseases known to the human race spring from causes so small as to almost defy detection. The volumes of scientific lore that fill the tables and shelves of the medical fraternity only go to prove and elaborate these facts.

Then guard yourselves while you may. The smallest pimple on the skin is a tell-tale and indicator of disease. It may fade and die away from the surface of the body, but it will reach the vitals, perhaps, at last, and death be the result and final close. Maggiel's Bilious, Dyspeptic, and Diarrhea Pills cure where all others fail. While for Burns, Scalds, Chilblains, Cuts, and all abrasions of the skin, Maggiel's Salve is infallible. Sold by J. Maggiel, 43 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists for 25 cts per box. Sold by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, Philadelphia, sole agents for the State of Pennsylvania. oct28-tf

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

This great public benefaction, we are happy to learn, is still fulfilling its mission of relief, and alleviating many of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Its domain is the wide, wide world, and wherever a Yankee has set his foot, may be found doing its work. Its virtues have been so thoroughly tested, that it needs no lengthy recommendation to entitle it to the public confidence. It is emphatically a household remedy, and if kept on hand and used as occasion may require, will save much suffering, besides very sensibly diminishing the expenses for medical attendance.—*Providence, R. I. Weekly Times.* jan13-2t

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.
HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 9th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL ALLEN to Miss SALLIE WIDENER, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, D. D., GEORGE D. SILBERT, of Bristol, Pa., to MARY J. POOLE, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. JOHN SLACK, U. S. N., to Miss MARY J. AXE, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JOHN L. EVANS to Miss SARAH LAMBACK, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JOSEPH S. MOORE to Miss REBECCA FORESTERSON, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. Kenney, Mr. JOHN POTTS, of Philada., Pa., to Miss LUCY ANN HOUSEMAN, of Fayette county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM M. CHRISTY, aged 46 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. RICHARD T. SHEARER, aged 28 years.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM L. ALEXANDER, in his 50th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. SARAH SOMMERS, aged 71 years.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS M. JAMES, aged 26 years.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JAMES SLATER, in his 70th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. HESTER OSBURN, aged 60 years.

On the 7th instant, VINCENT GILPIN, in his 71st year.

On the 6th instant, SAMUEL TUCKER, in his 80th year.

On the 6th instant, HANNAH PICKERING, in her 60th year.

HOME EMPLOYMENT.—A GOOD MAN wanted in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in an honorable business. First-rate pay allowed. The only qualifications required are tact and industry. Address, with stamp, or particulars, Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3088, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec9-10t

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

S—T—1860—X.
DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhea, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complain and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles. P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
81 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It cools, softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume.
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.
DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-eow6m. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The JANUARY number of this beautiful magazine is a magnificent one. The leading steel engraving, "THE FOREST GLEANER," is a perfect gem of beauty. We do not know where the publishers of the Lady's Friend get such beautiful designs for their engravings. Then we have a gorgeous colored plate, "THE HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET," which the ladies say is magnificent. The LARGE DOUBLE COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE is as usual superb—we had almost said unequalled. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casaques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, &c., &c.

The literary matter is excellent. Among the articles, we note "Stephen Wharton's Will," "Mrs. Trunk," by Frances Lee; "Paul's Story, or French Lessons;" "Clarice," by August Bell; "The Two Nightingales," "Stories of our Village," by Beatrice Colonna; "In Illness," by Florence Percy; "Rachel Dana's Legacy," by H. A. Heydon; "Arthur's Wife," "Loving Mary," Editor's Department, The Fashions, Household Receipts, &c. The following is the list of

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

STEEL PLATE—THE FOREST GLEANER.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
HAND BANNER SCREEN IN CHENILLE ON VELVET.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Stephen Wharton's Will—Children's Winter Coats—Net, with Grelot's of Wax Beads—Border for a Jacket, Burnous, &c.—Winter Dress for a Little Girl—Handkerchief Vignette.
MUSIC—Ferguson's Polka.
STEPHEN WHARTON'S WILL.
CHILDHOOD. By STAEL PARR.
"PEACE." By EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.
MRS. TRUNK. By FRANCES LEE.
MY PILLOW AND I. By MARCIA HOPE.
SUMMER RAIN. By S. FILLMORE BENNETT.
"A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE." By LESLIE WALTER.
SONG. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
PAUL'S STORY; OR, FRENCH LESSONS. By TRACY TOWNE.
CLARICE. By AUGUST BELL.
THE TWO NIGHTINGALES. By AUBER FORESTIER.
PRAYER. By EDWIN R. MARTIN.
THE INSPIRATION OF WINTER.
STORIES OF OUR VILLAGE. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
IN ILLNESS. By FLORENCE PERCY.
LINES. By IDA MASON.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. HEYDON.
TWILIGHT MUSINGS. By AUNT ALICE.
LOVING MARY. By JENNIE TEMPLE.
ARTHUR'S WIFE.
NOVELTIES FOR JANUARY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. The Prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a splendid list of contributors. The publishers give WHEELER & WILSON'S celebrated $55 Sewing Machines on the following terms:

Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$70
Thirty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$85
Forty copies and the Sewing Machine,	$100

Send 15 cents for a sample copy to DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,
Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
dec 17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

$200 PER MONTH!—The very best chance ever offered to make money! Positively no *humbug or risk*. Full particulars sent free. Address M. M. SANBORN, Brashar Falls, New York. jan13-3t

WONDERFUL! STRANGE!—Full instructions by which a person can *master* the art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cents. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. jan13-4t

BRADBURY'S PIANOS.

New, Large, and Grand Scale, Full Iron-Frame, Over-Strung Bass, and every real modern improvement. They are *unrivalled*, brilliant, rich in tone, and durable.

Also, Hintz; Fischer; and Kraushaar & Co.'s fine-toned and brilliant Pianos.

Treat, Linsley & Co.'s First Premium PARLOR ORGANS *Five first premiums* over all other Organs, at State Fairs this Fall.
J. A. GETZE,
npv25-3m 1109 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

REMOVAL TO NEW OFFICE.

On MONDAY, 8th inst., we shall remove from our temporary Office, No. 305 CHESTNUT Street, to our old location,

No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,

With greatly enlarged facilities for the
PURCHASE AND SALE
OF
GOVERNMENT AND OTHER SECURITIES,
And the transaction of a general banking business.
JAY COOKE & CO.,
Philadelphia, January 1, 1866.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—FROM THIS date, HENRY D. COOKE, HARRIS C. FAHNESTOCK, FITT COOKE, JOHN W. SEXTON, and GEORGE C. THOMAS, are partners with us in the Firm of JAY COOKE & CO., Philadelphia.
JAY COOKE,
WM. G. MOORHEAD.
Philadelphia, January 1, 1866. jan20-4t

MENDENHALL'S
Improved Self-Acting
HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms; is more simple and durable; easier understood; easier to operate and more reliable.

FARMERS

Can be independent, by weaving all their goods for home wear on the Mendenhall Improved Hand Loom.
☞ From 15 to 40 yards can be woven on it in a day.

No skill is required to weave upon it, beyond the simple turning of an easy crank. A woman or child can operate it.

THE MENDENHALL IMPROVED LOOM weaves Jeans, Satinet, Tweed, plain and double plain Cloth, Linsey, Blanket Twill, Linen, Toweling, Bird-eye Diaper, Balmoral Skirt Goods, &c., &c., all on the same warp, with one time drawing in the harness. It also weaves all Wool, Hemp, Linen and Rag Carpeting.

EACH LOOM IS WARRANTED

to be and do as represented, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS.

Every purchaser of the Improved Loom will be allowed a liberal commission on each Loom sold by them, thus enabling them with a little exertion, to receive back the price paid for their Loom.
☞ Looms, Loom Findings, Black and White Cotton Warp, Filling Yarn, &c., constantly on hand.
For descriptive circulars, list of prices, and samples of cloth wove on the Loom, address, with stamp inclosed,
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THAT EVERY CHILD WANTS.
MERRY CHIMES,

Containing ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS, ATTRACTIVE EXERCISES and several hundred Popular Songs. Including all the CHILDREN'S FAVORITES.
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FIRST PREMIUM
IMPROVED
$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF
PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

Patented May 13th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Skirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c.*; requires no *Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—IS NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circulars containing Liberal Inducements sent Free.

All orders must be addressed to
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
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$1500 PER YEAR!—We want agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder.* All other cheap machines are *infringements.* Circulars *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, Biddeford, Maine, or at No. 823 Broadway, New York; No. 235 Carter St., Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 14 Lombard's Block, Chicago, Ill.; No. 170 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.; or No. 6 Spaulding's Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y. dec16-3m

$20 PER DAY $20

Made easy by every Agent who sells our GREAT, NEW and WONDERFUL EXTRA LARGE size stationery and PRIZE PACKAGE. The GREATEST MONEY MAKING BUSINESS of the age. Each Package contains LARGE QUANTITIES of Fine Writing materials, EVERYTHING NEW, such as Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Blotters, Ladies Paris Fashion Plates, Designs for Needle-Work, Keep-Sakes, Household Companion, Guide for letter writers, Engravings, Indian Recipes, or how to live without a Doctor, Gents Pocket Calendar, Many Ways to Get Rich, Yankee Notions, all kinds of Recipes, Rich and Fashionable Jewelry, in all worth several dollars. Retail price ONLY 25 cents. GOLD and SILVER WATCHES presented FREE TO ALL who act as our agents. Send for our new Circular with extra Premium Inducements.
W. D. GILBERT & CO.,
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1865. FALL. 1865.
I. E. WALRAVEN,
MASONIC HALL,

Has now open his Fall importation of
LACE CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE CURTAINS,
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SATIN DAMASK CURTAINS,
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PARISIAN NOVELTIES.

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TABLE AND PIANO COVERS
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WINDOW SHADES,

In every desirable style or color.
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Greatest opportunity ever offered to the public of getting SPLENDID ARTICLES AT A VERY LOW PRICE!

The recent decline in Gold of 70 per cent. has caused the failure of some of the largest Pen manufacturers in this country; taking advantage of this we have bought extensively of these goods, and can afford to sell our elegant stock at the following unequalled low prices:

Large Gold Pen	.75
Small " "	.50
Gold Pen, Silver Extension Holder and Pencil	
Large " " " " Small	$1.75
Gold Pen, Gold Extension Holder and Pencil	2.25
Gold Pen and Gold Ebony Holder, Plain	1.75
" " " " Screw Extension	2.00
Gold Screw Pencil	1.25
Ladies' Gold Pencil, Octagon Case	1.50

Orders for Pens or Pencils must in every case be accompanied by the cash, with the name of the party sending, and Town, County and State plainly written.
R. M. MORE & CO.,
37 Nassau St., New York.
Address letters for greater safety to Box at Station D, New York City. jan13-2t

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39 SOUTH THIRD ST., PHILADELPHIA,
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STOCKS, BONDS, &c., Bought and Sold at Board of Brokers and privately.

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

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Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

DRS. GALLOWAY & SHEDD

Have resumed their successful practice at No. 142 South Eighth Street. They use no drugs whatever in their practice, all cures being performed by their peculiar mode of applying *Magnetism, Galvanism, Electro-Magnetism*, and *Electricity*.

Having added another room to the establishment, they are enabled to treat at least *one hundred patients* per day. They have treated and CURED TEN THOUSAND INVALIDS who were considered incurable by their physicians. Let no sick person, male or female, suffering from any form of disease fail in consulting these gentlemen, as they are curing the worst cases daily. An interesting pamphlet, mailed free, by addressing
DRS. GALLOWAY & SHEDD,
No. 142 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.
No Charge for Consultation. dec23-7teow

$6 FROM 50 CENTS.

Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
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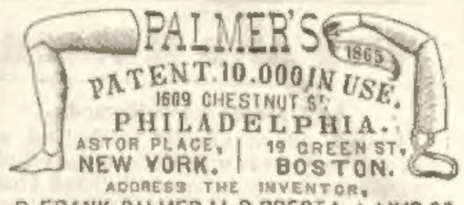

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct23-1y

PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL.
AMERICAN
BELL COMPANY'S
STEEL COMPOSITION
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BRONZE METAL
BELLS.
32 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

The following is a copy of the certificate of the Board of Managers of the *American Institute* in response to the Report of the Committee of Judges on Bells:
No. 269.
G. M. This is to certify, that a GOLD MEDAL was awarded the AMERICAN BELL COMPANY for STEEL COMPOSITION AND BRONZE METAL BELLS, with Harrison's Rotating Hanging apparatus.
(Signed) JOHN W. CHAMBERS,
Secretary Board of Managers.
American Institute, New York, Oct. 23d, 1865.
This is the highest commendation ever given by the American Institute to any Bell Founder in the United States.
AMERICAN BELL COMPANY,
nov 18-6m 32 Liberty Street, New York.

"A Scientific Wonder."
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TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 29, 1865.

AN EXACT and RELIABLE POCKET TIMEKEEPER for Ladies or Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and *wonderful novelty*. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and *warranted* to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with *absolute certainty* and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Time-keeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "*It requires no key*" of winding up. Never runs down; and can never *be too fast or too slow*. Correct in all climates. It is a most remarkable article. Introduced into this country from Europe, where it is also legally protected by "*Royal Letters Patent.*" Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dials, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Cases, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
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MADE NEW, without Spectacle, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. dec9-3m

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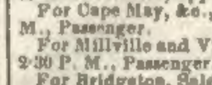

WEST JERSEY RAILROAD LINES.—Daily except Sundays.
Commencing Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot of Market street, upper ferry.
For Cape May, &c., at 8:30 A. M., Mail; 2:30 P. M., Passenger.
For Millville and Vineland, 8:30 A. M., Mail, and 2:30 P. M., Passenger.
For Bridgeton, Salem, &c., at 9:15 A. M., Mail, 4 P. M.
For Glassboro', &c., 8:30 and 9:15 A. M., 2:30, 4 P. M.
For Woodbury, &c., 9:15 A. M., 2:30, 4 and 6:30 P. M.

RETURNING, WILL LEAVE
Cape May at 8 A. M., Mail; 5 P. M., Passenger.
Millville at 6:30 and 10:02 A. M.; 6:50 P. M.
Bridgeton at 6:40 A. M., Mail; 4:20 P. M., Passenger.
Salem at 6:25 A. M., Mail; 6:05 P. M., Passenger.
Woodbury at 7:05, 8:13 and 11:36 A. M.; 5:44 and 8:22 P. M., Passenger.
J. VAN RENSSELAER, Superintendent West Jersey, Salem, and Cape May and Millville Railroad

THE WEST JERSEY EXPRESS COMPANY
Will attend to all the usual branches of express business, receive, deliver and forward through other responsible express companies, to all parts of the country, any articles entrusted to them.
A special messenger accompanies each through train.
Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

CURL YOUR HAIR.—One application will curl your hair into beautiful curls and last six months. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Price 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. jan13-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Irremediable Remedy.

A tale is told of a doctor, in England, who, not very conversant with cholera, was called in to prescribe for a cobbler who believed himself suffering from the epidemic. He told him to take the usual medicines, and called next day, when he was informed our cobbler was cured; indeed, so well was he, he had gone to work.

"Indeed," he replied, "that is well; you see my prescription has answered admirably."

"Not so," they answered, "he would not take the medicine."

"Indeed! What then did he do?"

"Impatient and hungry, he called for his supper—a salad of beans and potatoes, along with a red herring."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed our doctor, and believing he had discovered a secret which Nature by chance had revealed, he drew out his pocket-book and wrote the following as a cure for cholera:—

"CHOLERA—PRESCRIPTION—Beans, cold potatoes, and red herring; to be taken plentifully and immediately."

But a few days elapsed, and our good doctor was called to attend a mason, also seized with cholera, to whom he at once gave the famous prescription. Alas! on the morrow, on calling, he learnt, to his astonishment, that a quarter of an hour after having eaten the salad, the poor man died.

"Dear, dear!" murmured the doctor; and again pulling out his pocket-book, he wrote the following memorandum, adding it to the prescription:—

"N. B.—An excellent remedy for cobblers, but useless for masons."

A Fool Stop.

A blustering fellow was loudly chattering away in the presence of strangers, whom he was endeavoring to astonish with the recital of his own alleged exploits on various occasions, which he related with a volubility that seemed inexhaustible, and admitted of no question, as he rattled on among his gaping hearers, when suddenly his eye fell upon one whose mouth was not open, but whose eyes were fixed upon him with a significant stare. Taking this to be a sign of disbelief, he angrily demanded:

"What the deuce are you staring at? Eh?"

"I was thinking," was the gravely reply.

"Thinking of what? You looked as if you did not believe what I said."

"I was thinking, while listening to your interesting conversation, what a blessing it was that the tongue did not grow any longer."

"Why a blessing?" demanded the chatterer fiercely. "Do you mean to say my tongue is too long?"

"Quite the contrary, sir; and there's the blessing; if it had been any longer, it couldn't wag so fast; and besides, it might get bitten off."

This mark of consideration and sympathy for the tongue, induced its owner to give it a resting-spell.

Cunning Son.

"Jacob," said a father, "yesterday I forbade you associating with the neighbor's children any more, and to-day you have disobeyed me. The next time I catch you there I shall punish you."

The next day Jack was over there again, totally oblivious to the interdiction until he saw his father enter the neighbor's yard with a rod in his hand. Jack made for the fence, over which he leaped, pursued by his father, and ran home; there he was caught.

"Now, my son," said the irritated father, "what did I tell you I would do yesterday?"

"You told me, father, that if you caught me there again that you would punish me."

"Well," said the father.

"Hold on, father," said the little reprobate, who knew if he could make his father laugh the matter would be all right; "you didn't catch me there, you catched me here!"

The desired effect was produced, and the rod was dropped.

Fairly Beaten.

We know a young man who is remarkably quick in repartee. A short time since he was listening to a "tremendous" story about fishing. The narrator stated that he had a hook made that weighed three hundred pounds, attached it to a hawser three hundred yards in length, and baited it with a whole beef. Taking this hook in his right hand, he threw it out into the lake.

"And what do you think I caught?"

"Can't say. What?" cried a number, eagerly.

"A fish that weighed *three hundred tons!*"

"Pshaw!" said our young gentleman, "you are behind the age. Why, when *I* fished there, *I baited my hooks with such fish as you caught.*"

Negro Aristocracy.

A case of negro aristocracy came off in the town of Staunton, Va., recently.

One of the Northern "school-marms," who is there employed in teaching the "freedmen," told a sprightly negro girl that she "must not call the woman with whom she lived, mistress—that she was as good as anybody."

Pretty soon the girl asked her teacher what business she followed before coming South to teach.

"She was a bonnet-maker," was the reply.

"Well!" said the girl, gathering up her books and making for the door, "I'm not going to 'sociate wid you any longer—you say I is ekil to my mistress, and she don't 'sociate wid bonnet-makers!"

MINNIE was a bright child, three years old. Fun and merriment sparkled in every feature. Upon one occasion her father took her to an anniversary of a Sunday-school. She had never before been in a church, and had never heard the music of an organ, excepting in the street. The itinerant hand-organ, with its frequent accompanying biped, was her delight. The moment the first notes were struck on the church instrument, her countenance beamed with rapture; but peering about, over the shoulders of those around her, a shade of disappointment was apparent, and coming in range of her father's ear, she whispered, "Where is the monkey, papa?"

CRUEL.—A young lady said to her beau, as she held a pot of hot water in her hand, "Promise to marry me or I'll scald you." "Throw the water," he replied, "I had rather be scalded once than every day of my life."

QUESTION FOR LOGICIANS.—Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a *creak* in his boots?

TOO LATE FOR THE POST.

ENRIOSUS (paternally patting the post):—"What, not gone a' bed yet? Come, I shay, my lil' man, itsh high time you were tucked up an' asleep!"

The Way to Spoil Girls.

If any parent wishes a receipt how to spoil a daughter, it can be easily and readily given, and can be proved by the experience of hundreds to be certain and efficacious: 1. Be always telling from her earliest childhood, what a beautiful creature she is. It is a capital way of inflating the vanity of a little girl to be constantly exclaiming, "How pretty!" Children understands such flattery even when in the nurse's arms, and the evil is done to the character in its earliest formation. 2. Begin, as soon as she can toddle, to dress her out in fashionable clothes and rich dresses. Put a hoop upon her at once, with all the artificial adornments of flounces, and feathers, and flowers, and curls. Fondness for dress will thus become a prominent characteristic, and will usurp the whole attention of the young mortal, and be a long step towards spoiling her. 3. Let her visit so much that she finds no happiness at home, and therefore will not be apt to stay there and learn home duties. It is a capital thing for a spoiled daughter to seek all her happiness in visiting, and change of place and associates. She will thus grow as useless as modern fashionable parents delight that their daughters should be. 4. Be careful that her education gives her a smattering of all the accomplishments without the slightest knowledge of the things really useful in life. If her mind and time are occupied in modern accomplishments, there will be no thought of the necessity and virtue of being of some real use to somebody pervading her heart, and she will soon be ready as a spoiled daughter. 5. As a consequence, keep her in profound ignorance of all the useful arts of housekeeping, impressing upon her mind that it is vulgar to do anything for yourself, or to learn how anything is done in the house. A spoiled daughter should never be taught the mysteries of the kitchen; such things a lady always leaves to the servants. It would be "vulgar" for her to know how to dress a salad or make a pudding. As a mistress of a house, it is her duty to sit on a sofa all day, in the midst of a pyramid of silks and flounces, reading the last new novel, while her domestics are performing the labors of the house. 6. To complete the happiness of your spoiled daughter, marry her to a bearded youth with soft hands, who knows as little how to earn money as she does to save it. Her happiness will then be finished for her lifetime.

GOING FOR A POLICEMAN.—The police force ought be much larger than the army. Why?—Because it admits of persons of both sexes joining it. How so?—I will explain: thus, only a man can "go for a soldier;" but a man, a woman, a little boy, or even a little girl, can "go for a policeman."

PASSIONATE MEN HONEST.—He who is passionate and hasty, is generally honest. It is your old, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog; it is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned."

A POP asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one at the party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WINTER FEEDING STOCK.

Too many farmers, otherwise thrifty and unexceptionable enough in all their rural practices, make almost unpardonable mistakes in their winter feeding practice. We have seen those who in all other respects exhibit a fair share of sound, practical common sense, show a woful want of it in feeding stock during the winter.

Too often we see the practice of feeding sheep, horned cattle, and young horses, promiscuously mixed up, out in the open barn yard and flat down on the ground still adhered to. Such practices are nothing less than a wicked waste—a lingering relic of rural barbarism. In many instances half the material is lost for anything better than manure, the stock half starved with plenty *under foot*, and many a calf, sheep, or promising young colt is unmercifully *hooked* out of a year's growth, or quite to death in a natural fight for food so unnaturally disposed.

Another error of farmers is the feeding in winter of hay—dry hay—always hay, morning, noon and night, day after day, and week after week, without any variation of diet. Just as sensible a practice that, as it would be to feed ourselves and families through a whole winter on dry bread. Stock have tastes, and likes and dislikes as well as humanity. A varied diet is as grateful to horses, horned cattle, hogs and sheep as it is to ourselves, though not always so much a necessity.

Carrots cut fine and mixed with oats for horse feed; turnips and mangolds—a mess occasionally for horned cattle, young and old—beans, and a nibble of corn now and then for sheep, and mush of meal and boiled vegetables for store hogs, is capital economy always in winter feeding, besides a course of varied diet adds greatly to the sanitary condition of all closely penned up stock.

In the manner of feeding, particularly indoors in close stables, we should say that racks ought to be dispensed with entirely, and close, capacious boxes substituted. In feeding, all farm animals ought to find their food in a position something lower than the line at which they naturally carry their mouths, or in other words, they should take it as they crop the food for themselves in the fields, instead of straining the muscles of the neck by stretching up to over head racks, filling their eyes, ears and nostrils with dust, dirt and hay seed, and having their appetites palled by feed that by being placed above their heads has absorbed sixty per cent. of the ammonia that has flown up from evacuations.

Vary your winter feed, and feed in low boxes. There is sense and saving in the practice.

HOUSING FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

During a railroad of a trifle over fifty miles one day last week through a pretty fair farming country, we undertook to count the number of agricultural implements left "out in the cold" after Christmas. But the train was too fast, or what is more likely, the implements out doors were too many for us, so that when we had gone ten miles over the road, and up to a hundred and eleven in the count, we somehow got confused, or disgusted with the statistics, and drifted off diagonally into a discussion of the slovenly practice, with our seat-mate, a middle aged, intelligent, farmer-looking man.

"Appearances are promising for another storm," seat-mate said by way of opening conversation probably. At any rate it opened one.

"Yes, sir, it looks very like a storm again."

"Well, we have nothing to complain of in the weather. I have been a farmer all my life, and I have no remembrance of so favorable a season as the past one has been for harvesting."

"Still there are a good many farmers along the road I observe who have not finished their fall, or summer's work either."

"Indeed, I had not observed it, sir. I thought everybody had got everything in very snug."

The cars were slacking up speed at a small way station, and out in a field opposite our window we observed a reaper, horse rake, two ploughs and a harrow, all out there exposed to the weather, just as they were left when last used last summer, rusting and rotting to death.

"There's a sample, sir," we pointed the neglected implements out to seat-mate. "That man has forgotten to harvest his farming tools, and you will find that same man and plenty of other careless fellows like him complaining that their implements don't work well, nor last half as long as they ought; growling at the maker for putting into them bad iron and brash wood, when the fact is they are themselves willful murderers of their farming implements by leaving them thus exposed when not in use."

"But, my dear sir," put in a stout, well-to-do-looking old gentleman on the seat next forward of us, slewing himself round and looking quizzically at us as if he were going to fire off a funny squib. And he did. "My dear sir, I thought reapers, and ploughs, and such things, were made to use out doors."

Three or four hearers laughed ha, ha, ha, and said, "Good!" "Yes, that's so;" "You have him there."

"I don't know," seat-mate said—seemed to be a sensible sort of man—"you bought your hat to wear out doors, didn't you?"

"Yes, certainly;" fat gentleman said.

"Well, do you hang it up out doors when you are not using it? Or your overcoat, or umbrella, or overshoes, or—"

"Oh, that ain't fair—it ain't a—"

"Yes it is fair;" "perfectly parallel," came in the ha-ha-has on our side, shutting up stout gentleman suddenly.

"Yes, gentlemen," seat-mate said, seriously; "I look upon the practice followed by far too many of us farmers in leaving out in the weather to rust and rot, our agricultural implements, as just as absurd and ten times more ruinous than it would be to hang our overcoats, hats, and umbrellas out on an apple-tree when not in use. Now I have calculated pretty closely these twenty years, and I am positive that the average lifetime of all our farming tools from a hand hoe to a threshing machine is ten years, with careful usage and keeping them housed, well cleaned, oiled, and painted, when not in use—less than five years if neglected and left out in the weather to rot and rust. Then we absolutely throw away one-half the cost of all our implements, besides being the losers to the amount of quite one-third their prime cost by delays and lost time on account of breakages induced by our own negligence and carelessness."

REMEMBER YOUR STABLES.

And more especially the dumb brutes imprisoned in them during the cold weather of winter. There is a great deal more of *beastly* manslaughter committed by mismanaged winter stabling than most of us are aware of. A low, close, damp, dark, undrained dungeon of a stable, is a *brutal* Andersonville prison pen to every brute put into it. If it does not kill outright, it is only the less merciful, murdering by slow poison.

A stable standing up on stilts, with open floor, and three sides open in cracks and crevices to the free admission of hail, rain, sleet, snow and every piercing winter-gale that blows, is but five per cent. better. An animal frozen to death is but a trifle better off than one smothered. Both practices are barbarous.

Every stable should have its floor at least a foot above the ground, with thorough drainage underneath, the floor should be tight, and in winter, the outside, all round ought to be well banked up with earth, every crack and crevice battened closely, glazed windows enough along the rear of the stalls to light the interior of the stable, so that a person with tolerable good eyesight can see to read an ordinary newspaper in any part of it. Then with proper stalls, comfortable bedding, kept clean, and a ventilating tube made of rough boards running along over head and against the rear of the stable, with the openings upward, so that no direct draught will ever come upon the cattle, your stabled stock will pass a comfortable winter, and you will soon discover the advantage of your humane investments.

If any farmer to whom this small come, finds upon making a survey of his stable, that it is in a condition that he would earnestly protest against were he a horse or horned animal destined to inhabit it, then we appeal to him in the name of humanity to set about "reconstruction" directly. Don't delay a day. It will only require a day or so of labor from two of you, and generally there are two male idlers about most farm-houses at this season of the year.

It is wicked to murder cows, and calves, and oxen, and horses, all winter, and then foolish to expect them to be healthy and happy in the spring.

SCRATCHES.

Washing thoroughly and clean first, with soapsuds pretty warm, and afterwards with a solution of blue vitriol so strong that it will bite the tongue, and then binding the limb with a well-greased woolen rag, will cure in general the severest case of scratches in horses.

RECEIPTS.

Selected.

FOR CURING HAMS.—To twelve hams of twelve pounds each put three and a half pounds of fine salt, two pounds of good brown sugar, one pound of saltpetre, each piece to be well rubbed with the mixture and packed down in a barrel; at the expiration of a week cover them with pickle made of coarse salt strong enough to bear an egg; if the hams are large it might be well enough to add a little more fine salt to the mixture.

A RECEIPT FOR SALT SPICED HAMS.—This is for six hams only, and is very excellent, and for legs of mutton also: take quarter of a pound of pounded saltpetre, three quarts of fine dairy salt, one pound and a half of good brown sugar, six ounces pounded cloves, six ounces best ground cayenne pepper; mix these well together, divide it into six equal parts accurately, then rub each ham well with the mixture of its own portion, lay them in a firkin or salting tub, the skin side down, closely packed, and any mixture not used sprinkled over; let them remain thus for three days, then change their position by placing the top ones below and those beneath above; do this every third day for six weeks, and on each removal pour over the pickle they have made themselves; if the hams have absorbed the salt, &c., sprinkle some more salt each time they are changed; at the end of six weeks take them out and smoke them with hickory chips or sawdust, but be careful in removing them not to remove any part of the mixture which covers them; the hock should be well rubbed with it.

TONGUES SPICED AND SMOKED.—They are prepared exactly as hams, and are very fine.

TO MAKE MUTTON HAMS.—Take four mutton hams or legs of mutton, good, tender, and rather fat meat, and mix for them a quart of salt, a quarter of a pound of coarse brown sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre; mix these well together, and rub the hams with the mixture for a considerable time; then put them into a tub or tray, rub them with the brine they yield every other day for twelve days; then wipe them carefully, and hang in the smoke-house the thick end upwards.

TO PREVENT INSECTS OR WORMS FROM GETTING INTO HAMS OR SHOULDERS.—Take two bottles of cayenne, the best quality, in all about a quarter of a pound to about one thousand weight of the pork, and mix it with the salt and saltpetre, but rubbed freely in before packing; if properly looked after and kept in a dry place, there is no danger of insects; if the weather becomes sultry and damp during the summer, a very little smoke occasionally will prevent any bad consequences. When the hams are hung up, if any apprehension is felt about insects, make a thin paste of one pound of wheat flour and three quarts of water; when cold, add two pounds of good black pepper, and a quarter of a pound of cayenne; with this cover the hams well, and no insect will ever touch them.

TO CURE BEEF AND BEEF TONGUES.—To four gallons of water add eight pounds of rock-salt, (Turk's Island,), two ounces of saltpetre, and one pint of molasses; dissolve them well in water, cold or boiling, as choice may dictate; if the latter, when cold pour it over the meat, which must be kept down with a weight, though not too heavy. Drying pieces to remain in only ten days. This same receipt will apply equally to hams, but they must not be cured together; if of the weight of ten or twelve pounds, keep them in four weeks, larger, five or six weeks, in proportion.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 1, 8, 11, 13, 14, 6, a town in Michigan.
My 2, 8, 1, 10, 11, 12, a cape on the East coast of Africa.
My 3, 12, 7, 4, 10, 9, 6, a cape on the Southern coast of Asia.
My 4, 3, 6, 2, 9, 4, a country in Asia.
My 5, 4, 9, 10, 6, 14, an island south-east of Asia.
My 6, 8, 11, 4, 8, 6, town in Spain.
My 7, 1, 8, 4, 14, 5, 4, 7, town in South America.
My 8, 9, 10, 10, town in Iowa.
My 9, 12, 10, 9, 6, town in Michigan.
My 10, 1, 11, 4, 11, 6, 5, 12, mountain in Texas.
My 11, 4, 7, 2, 3, 9, 6, a county in Pennsylvania.
My 12, 5, 9, 12, river in Ohio.
My 13, 12, 12, 11, 5, 12, 12, an island in Asia.
My 14, 9, 12, 2, 3, 6, 3, 4, 5, river in Nebraska.

My whole was one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. W. OGLE, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 12, 22, 25, 10, 19, 6, 4, is a part of the human body.
My 23, 11, 19, 13, is what some people want.
My 1, 2, 18, is a verb.
My 26, 6, 21, is what all people do.
My 10, 19, 6, 15, 21, 14, 4, 18, has three corners.
My 20, 10, 3, 12, 13, is a hard substance.
My 17, 24, 19, 26, 18, is a useful animal.
My 5, 6, 23, 18, is a kind of fruit.
My 5, 6, 24, 21, is a fierce animal.
My 1, 21, 8, 13, 4, is a heavenly being.
My 7, 15, 16, 1, 5, is an adjective.
My 9, 24, 4, is the name of a note in music.

My whole is a Proverb.
Stonington, Ct. JOHN T. FAXON.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An article of food.
A legal term.
A color.
A boy's name.
A battle-field.
A bird.
A recluse.

My initials and finals form two Presidents of the United States. S. H. G.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY "CINCINNATUS."

My whole is the nest of a bird of prey. Behead and you see a lake before you, again and when transposed anger is within me. Then curtail me twice and a pronoun remains.
Cincinnati, O.

Anagrams on Celebrated Battles.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

As wet pigs run!	"I trust seal!"
We rest chin?	Sip lice.
Eve pens sin.	Not pale.
A stag oar!	Next in log?
Torn net.	*Green vials!*
"*Cent or pin?*"	You tin pots?
"True lac."	"Mobile rat?"
Me groan!	*Let a whip sin!!*

"JOSEPH S. ROSS, JR."
Richmond Place, Cincinnati, O.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 12 oxen eat up 3½ acres of pasture in 4 weeks, and 21 oxen eat up 10 acres of like pasture in 9 weeks, and the grass grows uniformly; how many oxen will eat up 24 acres in 18 weeks? GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From a point 400 feet above the earth a heavy body is let fall from rest, and from the point vertically under it at the same instant another body is projected upward with a velocity of 100 feet per second. Required—when and where the bodies will meet. REUBEN BARTO.
Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is an armchair like the Marseilles Hymn? Ans.—Because it has "To arms" attached to it.

☞ When has coffee a right to be cloudy? Ans.—When it has sufficient grounds for it.

☞ How many relations have we altogether? Ans.—Farther North and farther South, the antartic-circle, and all our foreign relations.

☞ What does it take to make a pair of boots? Ans.—Two boots.

☞ What is the difference between a cat and a speech? Ans.—One has claws at the end of its paws, and the other has pauses at the end of its clauses.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved. ENIGMA—Grant. CHARADE—Grandmother. RIDDLE—Stone River. RIDDLE—Riddle.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Nov. 18th—100, 156 and 224 perches.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Nov. 25th—14161, 62860 and 64800.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Dec. 2nd—1873432; 2288168; 2399057, and 6560657. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to John Allen's ETYMOLOGICAL ENIGMA of Dec. 2nd—Baughan—graphen—steinen—stophen.